The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 40 NO. 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER 1953

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From Near and Far

I must say a word about *The Relief Society Magazine*. All my life I have read it, but never with such eagerness and interest as I do now. It is just like a letter from home, and I hurriedly scan it for material we might use here in the mission, and then I sit down and read it from cover to cover . . . . The August issue arrived yesterday, and with committee meetings and with six elders leaving for home, I was so busy that I didn't get to read the *Magazine* until late. At midnight I was reading the wonderful article on the Family Hour by Sister Longden, and the beautiful editorial, "Psalm of Summer." We are hoping for the day when the women of the five Spanish-speaking missions of the Church may have access to these lovely things in a *Relief Society Magazine* all their own and in their own language.

—Amy Y. Valentine
President, Argentine Mission Relief Society
Buenos Aires, Argentine

Every new *Magazine* I open gives me a new inspiration, for there is sure to be a picture of one of our Relief Society sisters who have so many skills that they are displayed in the proper place in the *Magazine*, to give us all the incentive to learn and to do everything we are capable of ourselves. The fine articles about "The First Ladies of Our Land" (July and September 1953, by Elsie C. Carroll) give us intimate glimpses that weave romance into our history and give us pleasure and pride in womanhood. The stories are splendid, the poetry well chosen, and we do enjoy the editorial pages immensely.

—Clara Horne Park
San Mateo, California

I have read and enjoyed the *Magazine* since I could read and have received so much help and inspiration from it. I couldn't keep house or rear my family without its teachings.

—Mrs. Dora B. Whitaker
Ellensburg, Washington

Many *Relief Society Magazine* contributors are represented among the two hundred poets in volume III of *Utah Sings*, recently published in Salt Lake City, by the Utah Poetry Society. Maryhale Woolsey acted as general chairman. It was interesting to me to note that the following contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* acted as heads of publication committees: Ora Lee Parthesius, Pansye H. Powell, Ouida Johns Pedersen, Ruth H. Chadwick, and Eva Willes Wangsgaard. The art work was done by Lael W. Hill, also a contributor to the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Kate P. Jensen
Sandy, Utah

Always I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*, all of it, but I have especially enjoyed "First Ladies of Our Land" (July and September 1953, by Elsie C. Carroll) and "Portraits of the Signers of the Constitution of the United States" (October 1953). In all my teaching experience or my student days, I have never found anything as informative and interesting. Also I have enjoyed the articles on the life of President David O. McKay (September, October, November, and December 1953). The accompanying pictures are priceless. I could say much about the beauty of each poem and story. My teen-age daughter surely enjoyed "Special for Redheads" (by Hazel K. Todd, July, August, and September 1953).

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

Frances C. Yost, well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*, has again been honored by the National Federation of Press Women. Her story "The Wearing of the Gay," which appeared in the March 1952 *Magazine*, was awarded second place in the Press Women's annual contest. This is the second time Mrs. Yost has received this honor, both times with a *Relief Society Magazine* story.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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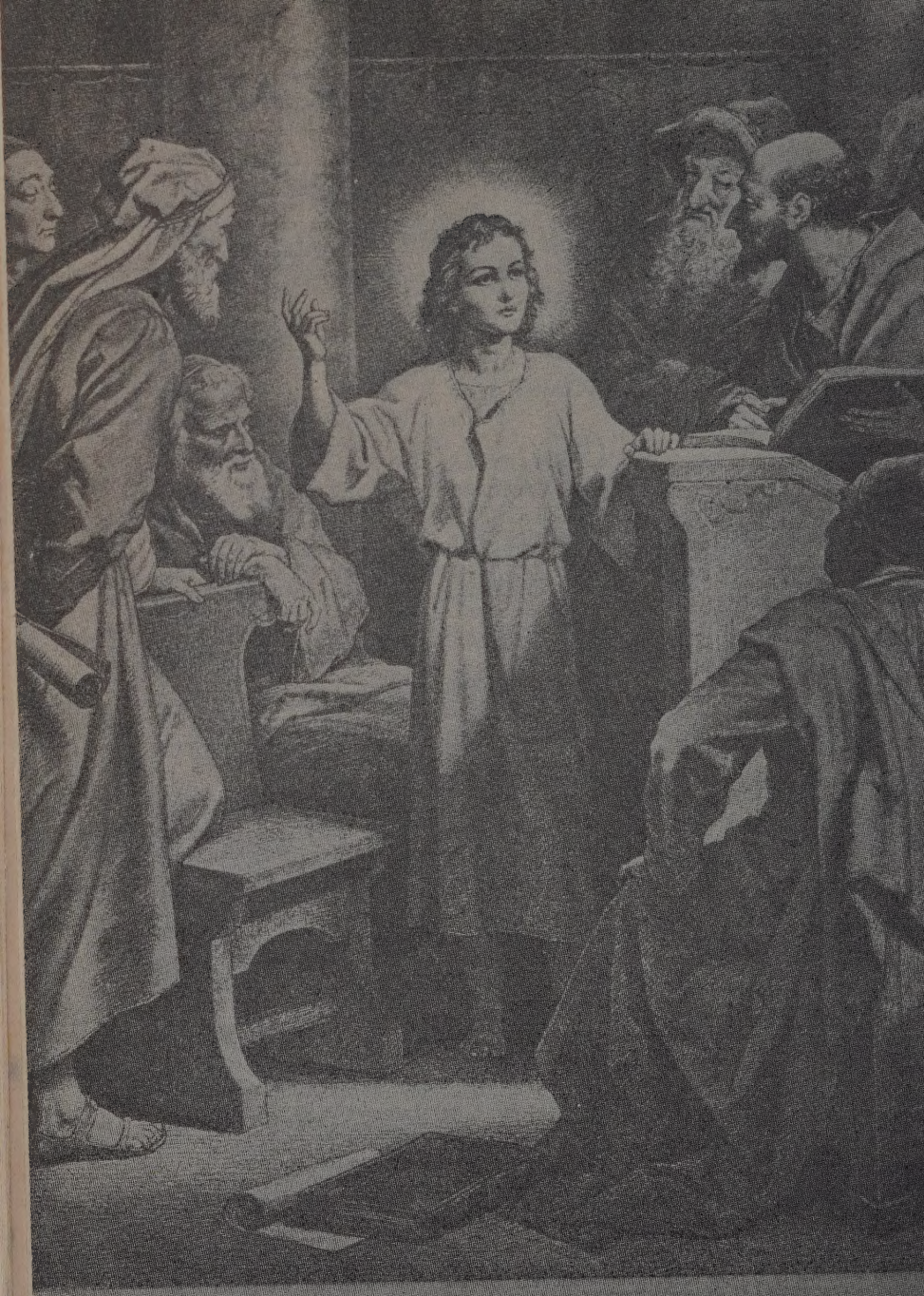

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE WITH THE DOCTOR

The Broken Caravan

Margery S. Stewart

The world, tonight, in pilgrimage
Goes seeking down Judean plains,
Along the beaten, dust-held paths
For trace of angels' lost refrains.
"Peace on earth! Good will . . . good will!"
Oasis words to thirsting men,
Manna, for longing no bread can fill;
The echoes of echoes surround us still.

There is no peace in Bethlehem,
Or elsewhere in this restless night
Except where men's hearts build the scene
Of straw and stone, of light on light,
A young boy's clear and glowing cheek
Beside the doctors' grizzled beards,
The lost words when he rose to speak,
The hungry soul goes back to seek.

In humble minds the shepherds kneel,
In winging thoughts the wise kings ride;
The star shines, lighted miracle,
In all where dreams of him abide.
Oh, world, not faithful and not wise,
Yet turning ever back to this,
Pray him to give us thoughts to rise
On caroled ladders to the skies.

The Cover: "Madonna" from a Painting by Feruzzi
Frontispiece: "Christ in the Temple With the Doctors" from a Painting by Hofmann, a Perry Picture, Copyright 1912
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Woman's Influence

President David O. McKay

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1953]

A few months over one hundred and eleven years ago, the Prophet Joseph Smith met with the newly organized Female Relief Society. It was April 28, 1842, on which occasion the Prophet said:

> I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth. This is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads.

On that occasion divine sanction was bestowed upon the Relief Society by the Prophet of the Lord. No wonder you have wielded and will continue to wield such influence in the Church and country.

Today, I have nothing but commendation in my heart for the work of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I congratulate the members of the presidency and general board particularly, and you presidencies of stakes and wards upon the increased enrollment during the past year. Nearly 8,000 new members have joined the ranks to render service to the poor, to increase testimonies, as we have learned, and to improve and stabilize our homes.

I was pleased to note in one of your reports that 8,422 women participated in weekly welfare sewing and work meetings, and nearly 4,000 took part in sewing at sewing centers—a real service to the needy, preparing the necessary clothing and equipment for those who need your assistance. This service was rendered by 12,358 women, and that is only one project. Nearly 9,000 were active in other projects, or a total of 21,343 women rendering voluntary service for the good of others. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

When I think of the influence you are exerting upon the lives of your fellow sisters in the various Relief Society meetings throughout the Church, my heart is filled with gratitude, and I look upon you as benefactors in very deed to humankind. Your lessons in social science, in literature, in nursing, in The Book of Mormon, so frequently quoted this afternoon—who can estimate the good, the cultural influence, of these teachings upon the Church and upon the communities! There is not a remote hamlet in any part of this Church but is benefited by the lifting influence of the Relief Society. Anybody who travels from stake to stake, or from mission to mission is impressed with this universal uplift. Anybody who goes into the homes in any part of the Church, if he opens his eyes, will see the beneficial effects, probably in better housekeeping, in neatness of dress, in the tone of conversation, in care and training of children, etc.

Truly when the Prophet turned the key in the name of the Lord, he bestowed a power upon that organization which has wielded an influence beyond comprehension by any individual.

Sister Spafford and your counselors, members of the general board, you presidents of Relief Societies, and you members, to you all I say, God bless you!

Especial Appeal

I feel at a loss to give you any specific instructions regarding the various phases of Relief Society work, but I have in my heart this afternoon a feeling, a desire, to make an especial appeal to you assembled and to all women in the Church—an appeal which is based upon the realization of your influence.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea;
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled;
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

It is because I believe in the potency of woman's influence that I am making an appeal this afternoon. It is because I believe with Tennyson that it is "the woman who makes us most" that I am going to ask that we make a special effort, not only in teaching our young people, but in guarding them.

Someone has truly said:

> Into the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or evil —the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really is, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiation.
>
> Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character, this constantly weakening or strengthening of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can select the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility—make them vitally active in his character—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world.

I was deeply impressed with the appeal of your president, Sister Spafford, in that masterful address on testimony, wherein she said, "Mothers, you must feel your testimony before you can influence or give of that testimony to your children." I am not presuming to repeat the exact words. How fundamentally true that is!

Of the responsibility of women in wielding this influence, Ruskin writes:

> There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered.

Do you remember reading in *Marmion*, how the young woman who accompanied him in his wars, dressed as a page, buckled on his armor? Commenting on that custom, Ruskin says:

> The buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hands was not a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely, that the honor of manhood fails.

Believing with all my heart upon the influence of woman, and particularly upon her influence in the home, I am going to ask for your co-operation in counteracting one or two dangerous, threatening evils. I

am not presuming that you need this. I am merely appealing for you to exert an influence upon our young, whom you love and whom I love, whom you trust as I trust.

After turning the key, to which I have already referred, the Prophet, in the very next thought, gave instruction regarding the attitude of wives toward husbands, and husbands toward wives.

At the turn of the century in 1901 there was distributed throughout the Church with the approval of the presidency and general board of the Relief Society, a book entitled *Woman*, one paragraph of which I think is so applicable I am going to read it:

> As for woman, wherever she goes and whatever her mission—for travel or for service—her native instincts draw her homewards.
>
> She may have unusual power and be distinguished for versatility; she may have artistic ability and attain distinction on the stage or in the studio; she may make bargains behind the counter or "be mighty in ledger and great upon change," she she may serve as shop-girl, toil as field-hand or in factory, be typist, ticket agent, street car conductor; she may write with the power of George Eliot and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; she may skillfully wield the pen and prove a very magician in journalism and in the nobler literatures; she may possess great persuasive power in the pulpit or on the platform; she may display diplomatic ability in the lobby or cabinet; she may fill the professor's chair or preside over college or university; she may, like Joan of Arc, be the heroine of many battlefields, or, like Victoria, reign with "all the royal markings of a queen," but wherever a woman is, or whatever a woman does, she is at her best, her divinest best, at home! There is the center of her power. Amiel says, "Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destiny in the folds of her mantle."

It is wonderful what a responsibility each wife and mother carries. A successful wife and mother is responsible, first, for the physical welfare of her children. Second, she must have the qualities of a teacher. She should be, indeed is expected to be, not only a disciplinarian but one who wisely guides her children in their quest for truth and knowledge. In this she becomes a confidant—she warns—she protects. Third, she must be a business woman. Fourth, upon her, even more than upon the father, depends the child's guidance in spirituality.

God bless our mothers! If we had in the world all good mothers, we could soon hasten the millennium.

For me to comment even briefly upon these responsibilities would occupy more time than I have at my disposal this afternoon, so I shall confine my remarks to the second named responsibility—woman's influence as teacher, disciplinarian, guide, protector.

After a lecture by the late Francis Wayland Parker, a great Chicago educator, a woman asked:

"How early can I begin the education of my child?"

"When will your child be born?" asked the educator.

"Born?" she gasped: "Why, he is already five years old."

"My goodness, woman," he cried, "don't stand here talking to me—hurry home; already you have lost the best five years."

Control of Children

Do you know, I believe that it is absolutely true. If mothers would get control of their children throughout childhood and youth,

they should get control of the child before he is five years of age. That is fundamental, and it can be done in kindness and in love.

Now, so much for influence, so much for the responsibility and opportunity of mother. I do not want to be a pessimist, but I must speak as I feel, and warn if necessary, and I am going to take you into confidence and speak, however, of something which is just as apparent to you as to anybody.

A few years ago there was carried on in the United States a campaign of advertising of cigarettes that resulted in from two-fifths to three-fifths of the women and girls in our nation taking up the habit of smoking. You will remember how artfully that campaign was carried on. Incidentally there was evidence in that, indirect evidence at least, of the divinity of the Prophet Joseph's mission.

In the first paragraph of the Word of Wisdom, he said, "In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you," etc.

Designing men! That campaign, I repeat, was one of the most clever, ever carried on in these United States, and the result was what the designing men intended to attain, that nearly three-fifths of the women in America took up the habit.

Today, there is spent over four hundred billion dollars annually on tobacco in one form or another.

Whether the smoking of cigarettes causes cancer or adversely affects the heart; whether cigarettes irritate the throat, or interfere with digestion, are questions that draw forth divergent answers. But upon one thing all authorities seem to agree, and that is that, aside from whatever pleasurable effects the smoker might experience, there are no beneficial effects derived from the habit. One looks in vain for any measurable good that comes from this expensive indulgence. However, for members of the Church—and here is our message—there is one outstanding reason for not using it—the Church speaks against its use, for the Lord himself has said, "Tobacco is not good for man."

The world has a right to expect that a person or an organization will live up to his or its pretentions, and we have an obligation to the Church to refrain from the use of tobacco and strong drink, and if we cannot live up to that pretention, we merit the censure and condemnation even of those who are not of us.

Mothers, members of the Relief Society, let us wherever possible exert an influence, silent it may be, active it should be, against our young girls taking up this habit—and our young boys, for we have no double standard of morality.

You, my dear sisters, may be responsible by not hindering or not exerting an influence against the campaign to induce smoking among women. It is not easy for some of our girls to say no when the cigarettes are passed, but let us, in our homes at least, win such confidence of our daughters and sons that we can influence them to refrain. How happy they will be some day that you did it. Some day they will be

mothers, and I fancy that there is not a girl living who would not have her child, her daughter or son say:

She of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as pure as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artist; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves.

I love to think of my mother just that way. I may be old-fashioned, but I think I could not if I felt she had the stain of nicotine in nerve, or sinew, or muscle.

Evil of Unchastity

There is another evil which threatens the welfare of the individual, the home, and the Church, and that is the evil of unchastity.

When an alleged "most sensationally publicized book in history" draws the following conclusions from an inadequate survey, it behooves fathers and mothers to become enlightened regarding what their sons and daughters are thinking. To name one or two of these conclusions will justify this reference:

1. That what we have been teaching our daughters about sex is all wrong.

What a glaring statement to give to the world in an alleged "most sensationally advertised book."

2. That chastity may often do more harm than good.

3. That premarital sex relations may help toward adjustment maritally, psychologically, or socially.

My dear sisters, I have no hesitancy in denouncing such statements with all their implications as false, pernicious, and destructive to the virtue of true womanhood. Such evil practices will tend to bring to trusting young women only disappointment and remorse. They will destroy the sacredness of the marriage covenant, and termite-like undermine the foundation of the home.

It is not just because of the publicity given to this new book, but because of letters that I have received recently from trusting young women who disclose a condition in courtship which to me is astounding.

In our boyhood we would no more think of suggesting what these young girls tell me their companions suggest, than we would think of injuring, or doing them bodily harm. I hope these cases are exceptional, but even if exceptional, they justify a united front against the evil.

Today, as always in the past, unchastity has led to misery. Self-control through boyhood and young womanhood gives strength of character and lays the foundation of the future happy home.

The girl who keeps herself true to her future husband is the girl who will live a happy life. If her boy friend does not admire her for her virtue, he is not worth her companionhsip. Such a young man has no sense of the value of purity of life. Better ten thousand times she would be without him!

A young man who will say that the marriage ceremony, and I am quoting, "is nothing but a 'formal document" may some day leave that sweet girl because he thinks he is in love with somebody else.

Protection of Homes

Yes, you wield a mighty influence. Let it be felt even more potently in the future than in the past in the protection of our homes from the impurities that are now sweeping the nation.

I do not wish to be understood as implying that woman's ability to occupy and to reign in the domestic realm precludes the occupancy of other spheres and the discharge of other duties.

Other than purely domestic engagements may and indeed must occupy her attention. She must attend Church and contribute to the charms of social entertainments. She must be interested in local philanthropic reform. She must pursue courses of reading and research. She may use pen and brush or chisel in the worlds of literature and art. She must examine, according to her endowment, opportunity, and responsibility, political, social, and scientific questions, and according to her ability render service in all. But she must account every other thing as beneath the domestic in importance and power. She must feel that in passing from any one or all of these she ascends when she enters or resumes the domestic life.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, in speaking to the Relief Society, said that one principal object of the institution was to "purge out iniquity." In our Relief Societies we should "seek to be in harmony with the Priesthood of the Church; to contribute peace and harmony in the organization, and to refrain from back-biting, evil-speaking, and fault-finding. The Relief Society," continues the Prophet, "should be a select society of the virtuous and those who would walk circumspectly."

We have cause for gratitude today for the influence for good wielded by the general board of the Relief Society, particularly by our President, Sister Spafford. Her influence is felt not only throughout the Church here, but as many of you know, throughout the entire nation, and I say in your presence, God bless her for the responsibilities awaiting her.

We should be grateful today, and I know we all are, for the presence of these lovely mothers, the Singing Mothers, and for the ability of Sister Madsen to bring out such expression and harmony from their souls. I think it is a little short of marvelous that this great musician can bring these sisters from the various stakes, and with one or two practices, give us such harmony and inspiration as that to which we have listened today. The Lord bless all of you, every mother, every woman. Truly the "hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

God bless our boys and girls, that they may be wise and strong in maintaining ethical standards, that they may be truly exemplary to young people in all the world. I believe in them. I believe they will do it, but let us not shut our eyes to the men who are intruding themselves into the lives of sweet, pure girls, and seeking to destroy their characters by claiming as their authority the false doctrines which are now being promulgated.

May this power to prevent evil and to guard our young people be yours in the homes, and may the influence radiate from your societies into other homes, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference—1953

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

THE annual general Relief Society conference held in the Tabernacle, Wednesday, September 30 and Thursday, October 1 was the largest of record, there being 1730 stake and 45 mission officers present, total 1775. Several General Authorities attended the sessions. One stake, Santa Barbara, was not represented. Mission presidents were not in attendance at the conference, but a number of missions were represented by district presidents. The general session filled the Tabernacle to capacity, with many standing.

The officers meeting on Wednesday was addressed by President Spafford who gave Official Instructions; by Bishop Carl W. Buehner of the Presiding Bishopric; and by Blanche B. Stoddard. Jean D. Wright, former president, reported on the South African Mission Relief Society. The Oquirrh Stake Singing Mothers chorus, Coy Manning, director, and Ireta Arvae, accompanist, furnished two beautiful numbers.

At the Wednesday afternoon meeting from 1:30 to 2:30 P.M., President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve and an advisor to Relief Society gave an address. An instrumental trio composed of Ann C. Larson, violinist, Lota P. Lamoreaux, cellist, and Florence S. Allen, pianist, rendered "Melodie" by Tschaikowsky, after which the theology department program was presented. In the afternoon department sessions were held simultaneously for work meeting, secretary-treasurers, *Magazine*, and music departments.

The annual reception was held Wednesday evening in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah. The music for the occasion was furnished by Ann C. Larson, Lota P. Lamoreaux, and Florence S. Allen.

The discussion of the education courses was continued in the Thursday morning session when the programs for the visiting teaching, literature, and social science departments were presented. Music was furnished by the Davis Stake Singing Mothers chorus, Mary Grant Clark, director, and by Clara W. and J. Stuart McMaster who sang a duet "Crossing the Bar."

The general session held Thursday afternoon included addresses by President David O. McKay, President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Louise W. Madsen. Counselor Simonsen was unable to attend this meeting, but her address appeared in full in the November *Relief Society Magazine*. The Singing Mothers chorus of more than 500 from Alpine, Carbon, East Provo, East Sharon, Emery, Kolob, Lehi, Nebo, North Carbon, Orem, Palmyra, Provo, Santaquin-Tintic, Sharon, Timpanogos,

Utah, and West Utah stakes furnished the music. It was directed by Florence J. Madsen who also directed the congregational singing of the conference. Elder Alexander Schreiner was organist. This chorus also sang at the Friday sessions of the semi-annual conference of the Church.

Following the close of the conference, the ground-breaking ceremony for the new Relief Society building was held at 4:15 P.M. at the site on the southeast corner of Main and North Temple Streets. President Spafford conducted the brief ceremony which was witnessed by most of the General Authorities, special guests, and representatives from the stakes and missions. The program of this thrilling event, so long awaited by the sisters of the Church, is published in full in this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

The Official Instructions given by President Spafford and the addresses by the general presidency appeared in the November issue of the *Magazine*. President David O. McKay's address appears as the feature of this issue. The address by President Joseph Fielding Smith will appear in the March 1954 issue; by Bishop Carl W. Buehner in January 1954 issue; by Blanche B. Stoddard and Louise W. Madsen in the February 1954 issue.

Christmas

Marilyn Odell

New fallen snow and frosted windowpanes,
Hurrying crowds and homebound trains;
Carols in the street, bells jingling by,
A wreath on the door, a star-studded sky—
These are things of Christmas.

Shimmering trees, a sprig of mistletoe,
Cards in the mail, candles aglow;
A roaring fire and good things baking,
Laughter, good will, and cheer for the taking—
These, too, belong to Christmas.

A Savior in the hay, a brilliant star,
People to worship, from near and far;
The glory of God, the joy of man—
This has been the meaning since Christmas began.
Oh, holy night!

The Relief Society Building Ground-Breaking Ceremony

Main and North Temple Streets, Salt Lake City, Utah

Thursday, October 1, 1953, 4:15 P.M.

President Spafford: Members of the First Presidency, General Authorities, Dear Sisters, and Friends of Relief Society, I think this is the happiest day of my life, and I am grateful for your presence. I welcome you to this ground-breaking ceremony.

We are greatly honored to have with us today President David O. McKay, President Stephen L Richards, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.; our advisors in the Council of the Twelve: President Joseph Fielding Smith and Elder Mark E. Petersen; as well as other General Authorities and their wives and special guests. We are very happy that we have with us today our dear former president, Sister Amy Brown Lyman.

We will begin these services by the invocation being offered by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith.

Invocation: President Joseph Fielding Smith

Our Father who art in heaven, we have assembled here this afternoon for the purpose of removing earth to begin the foundation for a building for the Relief Society members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. And at this time we present ourselves unto thee, grateful in our hearts for all the accomplishments of this great organization founded in Nauvoo on the 17th day of March, 1842, and given by revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith. We thank thee for all the great performances, the untiring labor, the continued success, faithfulness, and obedience on the part of our sisters who have been connected with this organization from those days in Nauvoo.

We pray thee, Father, that thy spirit may be present with us on this occasion to bless those who shall speak, to be with those who take part in the exercises of removing earth for the commencement of the Building in which our sisters may assemble in matters pertaining to the welfare of the Relief Society of the Church. We bless them for their integrity and their faith. We pray that the accomplishment of this Building may not be retarded, but that it may go forward to be completed; that it may serve all the purposes for which it is intended as a home for the Relief Society where they may hold their meetings, engage in all their exercises, where they may look after the interests of the society and conduct its affairs from this point throughout all the courses of Zion. Let thy peace be with them and thy blessings upon them, and we pray thee that all pertaining to this Building may be in perfect harmony with thy purposes, and we ask it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY TURNS FIRST SHOVEL OF EARTH FOR RELIEF SOCIETY "HOME," Thursday, October 1, 1953
Left to right: Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; President Stephen L Richards; President David O. McKay; President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
The white stake in foreground marks the southeast corner of the Building.

President Spafford: There are a few chairs that you might fill in up to the front.

A choral group led by Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen will sing for us "Father in Heaven in Thy Love Abounding." The members of the group are Alene Peterson, Emily Weeks, Elodia Goss, Fern Eyring, Norma Cannon, Ethel Wilson, Lillie Lloyd, and Florence Madsen.

Singing: "Father in Heaven in Thy Love Abounding," by choral group.

President Spafford: This is a happy and history-making occasion. The hearts of all of us assembled here

today are filled with thanksgiving and with gladness. Tens of thousands of Relief Society women throughout the world, learning of this event, will rejoice with us. And it is my conviction that today women of the past are mindful of us and are looking upon us and sharing our joys.

We are deeply grateful for the goodness of our Heavenly Father to his daughters in opening the way whereby we might have a home of our own. We remember with gratitude the kindness of President George Albert Smith and his counselors President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay when, in 1945, they sanctioned the Building program and, in 1947, authorized us to go forward with the fund-raising program. We are very grateful today to our present First Presidency—President David O. McKay, President Stephen L Richards, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., for their understanding of our needs and our desires, for their personal interest in Relief Society, for the wisdom of their counsel, for their support in our many problems and our many activities. We are grateful for their generosity in being willing to help us financially as they do the units of the Church. We are grateful for this beautiful building site which has been granted us. This site fulfills the dreams and the expressed design of our sisters of the past, that our Building should be in the shadow of our great temple. It is the opinion of the Relief Society presidency that no more choice site exists for a Relief Society home in all the world.

Many, many prayers have been offered and countless hours of time have been spent in perfecting the plans for our Building. We acknowledge with great appreciation the part of many in the perfecting of these plans. We thank all who have taken part in the study or the preparation or the drawing of the plans. Particularly at this time, we wish to mention our architect, Bishop George Cannon Young.

The Building will include the administrative offices of the general board, a beautiful general board room, with committee rooms for the board members. It will have space for the Temple and Burial Clothes Department, the *Magazine*, and the Social Welfare Departments. It will have a beautiful library. It will also have an auditorium and a social room with a large kitchen adjoining, and a beautiful lounge room for the benefit and use of the sisters. We feel that it will be a building different, perhaps, from any other building of which we know.

Today, we take the first step toward the erection of the Building. Ground will be broken. We earnestly pray that inspired wisdom, painstaking effort, and consummate skill will go into the erection of this edifice. And may those who build it bear in mind the dreams and the desires of countless numbers of Relief Society women throughout the world, and the labors and sacrifices incident to the raising of the funds. May there remain fresh in the minds of those who build, the ideals of this great organization and the worthy purposes that the Building is to fulfill. And when the day of

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD BREAKS GROUND FOR RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

President David O. McKay at left, President Stephen L Richards and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. at right, and former President of Relief Society, Amy Brown Lyman, back of Sister Spafford.

dedication comes, may all who have had any interest or any part in the planning and erection look upon our Building with happiness and with satisfaction. May our Father in heaven be pleased with our labors and may he pour forth his blessings upon all of the activities that shall take place within its walls. This is the prayer of the general presidency and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

As you know, the Relief Society presidencies all lean heavily upon their bishops, so the general presidency leans heavily upon the Presiding Bishopric. This has been particularly true as we have gone forward with our building program, and we have asked Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin to speak to us today.

Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin: President McKay, Sister Spafford, and All Members of this great women's organization and my Brethren of the Priesthood, the Presiding Bishopric are thrilled with the opportunity of participating in this most important and historical event. Over the years we have observed with a good deal of inspiration the persistence and the energy that our sisters have put forth in providing the funds to assist in financing this great Building. We understand now that the plans are completed and the next phase of the work will be that of commencing construction.

The Relief Society to the Presiding Bishopric of the Church has always been a great source of inspiration because of the outstanding work they do in Israel. In the homes of some of us we had mothers who were Relief Society presidents; we know something of the work, and we know something of Relief Society's achievements. The Relief Society organization is quite unique in that it was organized by divine direction through the Prophet of God. In all history there is not an event of this kind where a women's organization came into being by divine revelation. It is unique, again, that it has been given specific assignments in Israel in that its first assignment, of course, is to assist and bless those who are in distress, and provoke the brethren to good works. As I think of the ideals and of the typical Relief Society mem-

ber. I think of the words of Solomon wherein he said:

> Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates (Proverbs 31:10-31).

I am sure these words of Solomon are applicable to the lives, the ideals of the membership of this great divine organization. The Presiding Bishopric wishes them every success in this endeavor, assures them of our help and assistance in any way. May God bless them and inspire them that their plans, their ambitions may be brought into full fruition, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President Spafford: President David O. McKay will now speak to us, and following his remarks, President McKay will turn the first shovel of dirt. We have provided three shovels, and we are also asking President Stephen L Richards and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. to turn a shovel of dirt, and then the general presidency wish to try their hands at it, and then we are going to ask our advisors, President Joseph Fielding Smith and Brother Mark E. Petersen, so that we may actually begin our Building. (Laughter)

President McKay: Sister Spafford, brothers and sisters. As already stated in your presence here and in the Tabernacle, over 111 years have passed since the Prophet Joseph Smith turned the key in the name of the Lord to the Female Relief Society of the Church. Over one hundred years! I believe that this edifice will be the first home, permanent home, of the Relief Society of the Church. We have had many Relief Society houses in our wards; the Relief Society building in Huntsville is as familiar in my memory as the old rock schoolhouse. We have had Relief Society houses in other wards, but the general organization has not heretofore had its home. Is that right? (Laughter) A better illustration — how we leave to the last and for the last those whom we love most.

One glorious feature of this oc-

casion, one that reflects great credit upon those who have preceded as presidencies of Relief Society and particularly upon the present presidency and general board of the Relief Society, is the fact that as we break ground today they have over half a million dollars in the bank ready to pay the expenses. That's what women do. (Laughter and clapping) They deserve your applause. That's an achievement. Men undertake propositions of this kind and borrow the money (Laughter) with the hopes of paying, largely because they know the sisters will help them pay it. (Laughter) But our sisters have set an example worthy of emulation. Before even we break ground, they have their share of the expense of the estimated cost of this edifice.

One other thought. No matter how commodious it may be, no matter how well furnished the rooms, no matter how great the convenience of the furnishings, the house itself, with all its equipment, is but a means to an end, and that end the establishing in the hearts of the membership of the Church a testimony of the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. This old world is itself but a means to that end. "This is my work and my glory," said the Lord, "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." It is a means to a glorious end, the salvation of our Father's children. I will just leave this question with you. What would this whole creation be to the Creator himself if it weren't for his children? What a useless world! Truly, his glory rests with his children and in his children, and so this house becomes a means of furthering the work of the great Relief Society, the very heart and purpose of which is to bring happiness, peace into the homes, and the hearts of the Latter-day Saints. God bless those who have put forth the effort consummated in this occasion. May the Lord bless those who now have the responsibility in the Relief Society of carrying this work to completion, and may future generations rise up and call you blessed who have contributed, howsoever small an amount or howsoever great, towards this great edifice, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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President Spafford: I don't suppose you can see, but four white stakes are placed to mark the position of the Building, and we will now invite those who are to turn ground to proceed with that part of our exercises.

(Those participating left the stand and proceeded to the spot where the ground was to be broken.)

President McKay (as he turned the first shovel of dirt for the new Relief Society Building): I now turn the first shovel of dirt for the new Building for the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

President Stephen L Richards, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Joseph Fielding Smith, and Elder Mark E. Petersen, President Spafford, and Counselor Marianne C. Sharp also turned a shovel of dirt.

Amy Brown Lyman (as she turned a shovel of dirt): In memory of the women of the past.

President Spafford, upon returning to the stand: Before you leave, Sister Madsen will lead us in singing "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," the song that was sung at the first meeting of Relief Society in Nauvoo. Sister Madsen.

Singing: "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning" by the congregation.

President Spafford: We are very sorry to tell you that the reason Sister Simonsen did not turn her shovel of dirt is because she has been ill all afternoon. Nothing serious, but she was not able to stand long enough to take her part. The benediction will now be pronounced by Elder Mark E. Petersen one of our advisors in the Council of the Twelve.

Elder Mark E. Petersen: Our Father in heaven, at the conclusion of these impressive exercises, we come to thee with gratitude in our hearts. We do thank thee for this great organization. We thank thee for the opportunity now of building this Building as a home for it. We pray that thou wilt speed the construction of this Building and let no untoward thing interfere, and may thy peace and benediction be here in this place; may it be more than ever an hallowed piece of ground and may thy spirit be here throughout the construction and then for the many years to follow. Dismiss us now with thy blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

First Christmas

Lael W. Hill

He will not understand the festive glare
Of brilliant lights, nor tinsel on a tree
Festooned with glassy baubles everywhere,
Nor toys designed to bring a baby glee.

And yet, perhaps because he is so new
To mortal life, he may remember far
Singing of angels on a night that few
Pause now to tell of, and a shining star . . . .

The shouting, laughter, and the bells and cries
Will bring but new and strange bewilderment
To a wee son whose staring, dazzled eyes
Look out at this first Christmas he has spent.

Elder Richard L. Evans Appointed a Member of the Council of the Twelve

Antoine R. Ivins
Member of the First Council of Seventy

ELDER RICHARD L. EVANS

WHEN, at the last general conference of the Church, Richard L. Evans was sustained for ordination into the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, the First Council of the Seventy and the Seventies of the Church gave over to a more extended service of the Church one of its most loved and appreciated members.

In going into the Council of the Twelve, Elder Evans becomes one of a group of three brethren who have been taken from the First Council of the Seventy to serve the Church in another capacity. In 1889, Abraham H. Cannon, who had been a member of the First Council of the Seventy for seven years, was ordained an apostle, which position he held for an equal term of seven years until his death. In 1854, Jedediah M. Grant, father of our recent President Heber Jeddy Grant, was taken from the First Council to become a counselor to President Brigham Young. Now Elder Evans becomes a third to receive such recognition. The Council feels highly complimented and extends the best of wishes to Richard L.

Elder Evans was thirty-two years of age when he was set apart to the First Council and has served it fifteen years. Abraham H. Cannon was twenty-three years of age when set apart to the First Council, while Jedediah M. Grant was twenty-nine when he went into the First Council.

It is highly probable that no member of the Church today is more widely known than Brother Evans. His development from youth has been noteworthy, but it is not our purpose to follow him through its many ramifications. It may, however, be noted that he was an excellent student through high school and college; an excellent missionary for the Church in Great Britain; is a devoted husband and father; has had a most important part in the development of the radio business of this State.

ELDER RICHARD L. EVANS AND HIS FAMILY

In front, center, Elder Richard L. Evans and son William; At right Alice Thomley Evans; at back, left to right: Richard L. Jr., John, and Stephen.

It is in this field that he has become most widely known. His direction of the Temple Square Mission, together with his Tabernacle Choir broadcasts, has given him opportunity to teach the gospel to many thousands of people. His appeal is always uplifting.

It is not because of this, however, that the members of the First Council have loved and admired him, for he has brought to the counsels of this body a quiet serenity, dignity, and excellence of judgment that are rare indeed.

If he may ever be annoyed or ruffled, he rarely shows it; he is calm, considerate, deliberate, and wise in consideration of such questions as may arise in the Council. He loves his fellows, always desiring to be helpful. He has been intensely devoted to the betterment of the Seventies of the Church.

Is it any wonder, then, that we shall miss him from our counsels? We shall, however, feel that he may now have greater opportunity to aid and influence for good a greater number of people. May the Lord extend his life and crown his labors with even greater success.

Elder Hugh B. Brown Appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Elder George Q. Morris
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

ELDER Hugh B. Brown, sustained as an Assistant to the Twelve on the closing day of conference, October 4, 1953, enters into his new duties as a General Authority of the Church with a rich background of Church service in important and varied callings during the past fifty years. In these callings as a missionary; a bishop's counselor in the Cardston Ward for six years; a co-ordinator of servicemen in the European theater of war; co-ordinator of veterans service at the Brigham Young University; a president of two different stakes, Lethbridge and Granite; and twice president of the British Mission, he comes eminently qualified to render valuable service to the Church and to the people in his new calling.

Owing to his wide and intimate contacts with the youth of the Church, as co-ordinator both to servicemen and veterans, as Professor of Religion at the Brigham Young University, as bishop's counselor, and as stake president, he has rendered great service to the youth of the Church and as speaker and counselor to youth has been widely sought.

Born in Salt Lake City, October 26, 1883, the son of Homer M. and Lydia Jane Brown, Elder Brown

ELDER HUGH B. BROWN

passed his boyhood days in Salt Lake City until his middle teens when he went to Canada with his parents. There, at the age of twenty-one, he was called upon a mission to Great Britain, from which he was released in 1906. He served with distinction in the first World War, going overseas in command of a squadron of mounted riflemen, and returning home as a major in the Canadian Army. Upon his return from the war, Elder Brown took up the study of law and entered into the practice of his profession.

ELDER HUGH B. BROWN AND SONS

Left, Hugh Card Brown, killed in 1942 while serving in the Royal Air Force; right, Charles Manley Brown, member of Brigham Young University faculty, now studying for his Ph.D. in education at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

SISTER ZINA CARD BROWN AND DAUGHTERS

Upper panel, at left: Zina Lydia (Mrs. G. P. Brown, Altadena, California); center, Sister Brown; at right, Zola Grace (Mrs. W. G. Hodson, Downey, California).

Lower panel, left to right: Mrs. LaJune B. Munk (Alhambra, California); Mary Myrtice (Mrs. Edwin R. Firmage, Provo, Utah); Margaret Alberta (Mrs. Clinton L. Jorgenson, Long Beach, California); Carol Rae (Mrs. Douglas Bunker, Provo, Utah).

Two years after Elder Brown's return from his mission, June 17, 1908, he was married to Zina Young Card, daughter of Charles Ora Card and Zina Young Card. Sister Brown's father was founder of Cardston, having gone with a group of pioneer settlers, in 1887, to Canada. Sister Brown's mother was a daughter of Brigham Young. Brother and Sister Brown had eight children, six daughters and two sons, all living and all married, except one son, Hugh C. Brown, who was lost in the Royal Air Force Combat Service in 1942.

Sister Brown was born in Cardston, Alberta, and the family resided there after their marriage until 1921, when they moved to Lethbridge, Alberta. The Lethbridge Stake was organized in November of that year, it being the third stake in Canada, and the eighty-fourth stake in the Church, and Elder Brown was made its president. He continued his practice of law in Lethbridge until 1927, when the family moved to Salt Lake City, where Elder Brown was and is now a member of the Utah State Bar. In 1928, he became president of the Granite Stake, where he presided until 1936. In 1937, Elder Brown and Sister Brown and five of their children went to England, where he presided over the British Mission until 1940. Upon returning from the British Mission he became co-ordinator for the servicemen for the Latter-day Saint Church and a member of the Servicemen's General Committee. He returned to England in 1944 as president of the British Mission and co-ordinator in the European theater of war, looking after the interests of the Latter-day Saint men in the service in Europe. Upon his recent return to Salt Lake City, in 1946, he joined the faculty of the Brigham Young University in Provo where he taught and acted as co-ordinator of servicemen who were attending the "Y." In 1950, Elder Brown resigned this position and went to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, being retained by an oil company as attorney and later was made president and manager of the Richland Oil Company, Ltd., in which position he was serving at the time of the present call.

Such has been the important and valued service rendered by Elder Brown in varied and important callings during the past years. He has served with integrity, distinction, and unfaltering devotion during all this period. His rich natural endowments and outstanding spiritual qualities, will enable him to render a consecrated and inspiring service to the Church, in his present calling.

Marion Duff Hanks, New Member of the First Council of the Seventy

Elder Richard L. Evans
Of the Council of the Twelve

ELDER MARION DUFF HANKS

IT is sometimes strikingly significant to see how early in life the course and character of a man become manifest.

This is a sobering thought for young people who may think that the early years do not matter too much.

The young man who was made a member of the First Council of Seventy at the general conference of the Church on October 4, 1953, is one whose early life indicated a definite direction.

Marion Duff Hanks was a Sunday School teacher at the age of fifteen —teaching boys not much younger than himself. Always active in the auxiliaries, he served on the Salt Lake Stake Sunday School and M.I.A. boards before he filled his mission.

In the Northern States Mission (1942-1944), his record again was one of leading out. Serving as a field secretary, he traveled the mission with President Leo J. Muir. On occasions of the mission president's absence or illness, he conducted district conferences. He spoke in over a hundred non-Mormon churches.

Wherever he has gone, he has lived a well-rounded life, and the Church has been his chief interest.

World War II found him enlisted in the Navy where he served two years. As a First Class Petty Officer aboard a submarine chaser, he was selected by the ship's captain to serve as chaplain. And for most of the time on extended South Pacific duty, he was the only Latter-day Saint among some two hundred officers and men. Before this he had been a group leader of some six hundred Latter-day Saint men at San Diego Naval Base.

Brother Hanks' broad interests consist of many sides, with a wholeness of spirit, a humanness of heart, a genuinely fine sense of humor, and a deep love and understanding of life that make him always choice company and an effective associate in any assignment.

Civically, he has served as a president of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers (Emigration Chapter); three

years as chairman of the speakers' bureau of the Community Chest; and recently as Salt Lake County co-chairman of the Cancer Society.

For more than five years he has served as assistant director of the Bureau of Information on Temple Square in Salt Lake City where he has been active as a guide since 1946, and has left an unforgettable impression upon many thousands of people concerning the mission and message of the Church.

He has also conducted the evening outdoor Temple Square meetings for tourists, which, in recent summer seasons, have attracted hundreds of visitors each evening.

He is a Master M Man, and has performed a number of special services for the General Board of the M.I.A. He was an active member of Delta Phi at the University of Utah. At the time of his present appointment he was serving as advisor to the teachers' quorum in Wasatch Ward.

Brother Hanks has also been much in demand as a fireside speaker, and has served for two years at the L. D. S. Mission Home in Salt Lake City, where he has conducted a course on "difficult questions."

His activities have been well balanced. In high school he was an all-star basketball player and later an Intermountain A.A.U. all-star player. He was a member of the Church championship M Men basketball team in 1947, representing the Nineteenth Ward, where he was born and lived most of his life. He has also engaged in sports broadcasting.

The physical side was supplemented by editorship of the school paper, debating, and presidency of the student council. He was a scholarship student, and nine years after he was valedictorian of his high school, he was invited back to West High in Salt Lake City to give the commencement address.

Marion Duff Hanks was born on October 13, 1921, in Salt Lake City, the youngest of seven children (six surviving). His father, Stanley Alonzo Hanks, a municipal judge in Salt Lake City, died when Marion was two years of age. The teachings and life of his faithful mother, Maude Frame Hanks, are reflected in her family; one son, Lincoln, now serving as president of Salt Lake Stake, and two, Bruce and Marion, having both filled missions. The three girls, Maurine, Jeannette, and Beulah have also followed the family tradition for faithful service.

As the sons of widows often do, Marion worked at many occupations from his earliest years to finance himself through the period of preparation, which included graduation from the School of Law at the University of Utah in 1948.

In the Hawaiian Temple, in 1949, he married Maxine Christensen, the daughter of Brother and Sister Elwood Christensen of Honolulu, who themselves once served together in the Japanese Mission. Susan Gay, three, and Nancy Marie, two, are Brother and Sister Hanks' two young daughters.

One of Brother Hanks' greatest satisfactions and services has been the teaching of young people, including his position as principal of

ELDER MARION D. HANKS AND HIS FAMILY
Left to right: Nancy, Maxine Christensen Hanks, Susan, and Elder Hanks

West High Seminary, which he has held for some six years. Scores of high school students have faithfully come to his 7 A.M. Book of Mormon classes. More than 150 students are currently attending like classes at the L.D.S. Institute of Religion, adjacent to the University of Utah. And outside the classroom, young people have constantly sought him to talk about their problems. With the principles of the gospel, the standards of the Church, and an understanding heart, he has satisfied the souls of many, and sent them on their way with the spirit of peace and purpose and promise, with his solid and forthright counsel.

This young man, short of thirty-two years old when his present call came, can be counted on to add strength and understanding and courage and conviction, and humility and positive leadership in the council of which he is now a member, and in all the calls and assignments that may come to him. His life has followed a consistent course. His character and capacity were early in evidence. He is loved, and he has loved the Lord. May he be blessed with a long lifetime of effective and satisfying service.

Life of President David O. McKay

[The fourth article of a series on the ancestry and life of President McKay]

Jeanette McKay Morrell

ONE of the most important missionary ventures of the Latter-day Saint Church was instituted when, on December 2, 1920, Brother David O. McKay of the Council of the Twelve and Brother Hugh J. Cannon were set apart by President Heber J. Grant to make a tour of inspection of the missions and schools of the Church in every part of the world.

From the date of their leaving until they returned, December 24, 1921, they traveled 24,277 miles by land, and 32,819 miles by water, which is two and one half times around the earth's circumference. Among the intensely interesting experiences in every country and island visited, only a few can be mentioned in this article.

Christmas was spent in Japan, and after visiting the principal cities of that beautiful country, and spending a short time in Korea, the travelers entered China, with its ancient wall still standing as a bulwark, if not as a protection, as it once was.

Before leaving home, President Grant instructed them that, if they felt so impressed while in China, to set the land apart for the preaching of the gospel. As Pekin is really the heart of the country, they decided it would be an appropriate place for this sacred ceremony. On Sunday, January 9, 1921, in a small grove of cypress trees, Brother McKay dedicated and set apart the Chinese realm for the preaching of the gospel. He wrote: "Thus was the key turned that unlocked the door for the entrance into this famine-stricken land, of the authorized servants of God to preach the Glad Tidings of Great Joy as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith."

Not until they returned to Tokyo, to sail for Hawaii on January 21, did they receive letters and Christmas messages from home. In Honolulu, they received a royal welcome, and were shown the beauties and points of interest on all the islands of this group. Brother McKay wrote in his diary:

> I cannot describe the beauty of this tropical paradise, the trees, the gorgeous-colored hedges, the profusely blooming flowers and shrubs, the sky and the ocean, with the bright, fantastically colored fish, all add interest to this wonderland of beauty. Later, I told a reporter who came to interview us, that I had realized more than I ever thought possible, my childhood dream of fairyland.

After holding conferences, attending feasts given in their honor, and blessing little children and members who were ill, it was necessary to return to the mainland to take a boat for the islands and continents of the South Seas. The Tahitian saints were visited, and several weeks were spent in New Zealand. In every town and village where meetings were held, members and

Elder David O. McKay, right, a member of the Council of the Twelve, and Hugh J. Cannon, left, in Tahiti, 1921.

non-members alike, city and government officials, joined to welcome their distinguished guests, entertained them royally, and showered them with flowers and lovely gifts. Everywhere there was beautiful music furnished by bands, choruses, and island serenaders. There were also many spiritual manifestations which strengthened the testimonies of missionaries and island people alike.

The month spent in Samoa passed all too quickly, with some of the largest conferences yet held, in preparation for which every detail had been carefully arranged. Missionary meetings were as satisfactory as the larger meetings, attended by members, investigators, and friends. When the time for farewells arrived, genuine friendships had been formed, and the parting was a sad one for these people who had never before had the privilege of meeting any of the Church General Authorities.

AT the last party, there were real interpretations of the beautiful island dances, in native costume, singing, and instrumental selections, and then, as they returned to the mission home, fathers and mothers brought their children to be blessed, occupying the last moments before the necessary departure. Of these last experiences Brother McKay recorded the following:

> As we came out, we found the people standing in a double column from our door out across the lawn to the street. They had prepared a farewell song for us and all began to sing. As we passed through the lines shaking hands with them, sobs interrupted the singing. Staunch old Papo, the head of the village, sobbed like a child, and clung to us as though we were his sons. As we mounted our horses we looked back and saw the crowd, headed by the band, coming toward us for one more parting handshake.
>
> From that spot to the dugway leading to the ocean, there is a straight, grassy roadway, lined with tall native trees and tropical vines. As we rode slowly up the gentle incline, the band leading, the people followed, as though they could not yield to parting. We had gained, perhaps, a quarter mile ahead of them, when I felt impressed to say, "Brother Cannon, I think we should return and leave our blessing with them here in this beautiful grove."

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY, CENTER, AND HIS COUNSELORS, STEPHEN L RICHARDS, LEFT, AND J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., RIGHT

As we approached the sobbing crowd, I was thrilled with the picturesqueness of the beautiful setting. Hanging my folded umbrella on an overhanging limb, Kippin, our interpreter, told them why we had come back. Their sobs were louder than my voice when I commenced the prayer, but they became more subdued as I continued, and their "Amen" was distinct and impressive at the close.

An elder who remained with the crowd reported what followed after the visitors left:

The villagers watched as long as they could see their friends, then returned sadly to their homes. Kippin, the interpreter, immediately sat down and wrote the prayer as he remembered it. He and some others then conceived the idea of burying a copy of it on the spot where Apostle McKay had stood, and covering it with a pile of stones to mark the place. The town bell was rung, the people reassembled, and the plan was presented and approved. A copy of the prayer, together with an account of the entire proceedings, was sealed in a bottle and placed in a hole which was covered with stones, each of the heads of families throwing a handful of soil to assist in the covering. The branch on which the umbrella hung was taken back to the village as a souvenir, and steps were taken to erect a monument at the sacred spot.

Another month was spent in visiting the missions of Australia, then on to Java, India, Egypt, and Palestine. Traveling through the Holy Land was like passing familiar towns, villages, rivers, lakes, mountains, and gardens, because of Brother McKay's long and intimate association with these places in Old Testament history, and especially because of his love of the life of Christ and his apostles.

BEFORE leaving home President Grant had expressed a hope that these two missionaries might visit the Armenian Mission, which had received such harsh treatment during the great World War. On a special fast day several thousand dollars had been contributed for the relief of these suffering people, but almost a year had passed since the brethren had left home, and they had no recent information about conditions in this part of the world. Cablegrams to the president of the European Mission and to the United States Consul at Aleppo brought only information that J. Wilford Boothe was on his way to Aleppo. Brother McKay's diary, under date of November 2, 1921, reads:

We have no idea where President Boothe is. We shall leave Jerusalem for Haifa enroute to Aleppo tomorrow morning. Have concluded to go by auto through Samaria, visiting Bible scenes. At 3:30 P.M. of the same day we ascended the Mount of Olives, and choosing a secluded spot near where Jesus is supposed to have stood, we knelt in humble supplication and thanksgiving to God, asking that we might be led by inspiration on our trip to the Armenian Mission.

Upon returning to the hotel, I felt strongly impressed that we should go to Haifa by train instead of by auto. When I said as much to Brother Cannon, he replied, "If you feel that way we had better take the train." Our greatest desire as we neared this mission was to meet Elder Boothe. Indeed, it seemed that our trip to Syria would be useless unless we should meet him. We were strangers. We knew no one. The branches of the Church in Syria were disorganized, and the members were scattered.

During all our travels, besides giving excellent addresses at every meeting, Brother Cannon had assumed the responsibility of arranging for train and boat tickets and hotel accommodations, and had never failed in a single instance; but shortly after leaving Jerusalem, when asked if he had the name of a hotel in Haifa, he said he had forgotten to ask about it,

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY AND EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY
Photograph taken on President McKay's Eightieth Birthday
September 8, 1953

but would contact the Allenby Hotel runner when the train stopped at Lud.

When they changed trains at that station, and were again on their way, they both realized that they had forgotten to speak to the hotel representative.

Arriving at Haifa, Brother Cannon remained with the luggage while Brother McKay left to make inquiry regarding a suitable hotel. After some difficulty, he returned in about ten minutes reporting that there seemed to be two fairly good ones, and they would take the one whose runner appeared first. The delay caused by locating a hotel brought them to the station office door just at the same moment that another traveler reached it.

He said, "Isn't this Brother McKay?"

Brother McKay writes:

> Astounded beyond expression to be thus addressed in so strange a town, I turned and recognized Elder Joseph Wilford Boothe, the one man above all others whom we were most desirous of meeting.

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY ADDRESSING SAINTS AND MISSIONARIES AT THE DEDICATORY SERVICES ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE TO BE BUILT IN GREAT BRITAIN

At New Chapel, near London, England, August 10, 1953

We had met, too, at the most opportune time and place. Having known nothing of our whereabouts, he had come from the Western part of the world hoping in his heart to meet us. We had come from the East praying that we might meet him, and there we had met at the very time and place best suited to our convenience and to the success of our mission to Armenia.

As we recounted to each other our experiences, we had no doubt but that our coming together was the result of divine interposition. If we had taken an auto from Jerusalem, or if we had remembered to secure the name of a hotel before we left the Allenby, or if we had thought to ask at Lud, we should not have met Elder Boothe. It is true he would have been in town that same day, but he had intended to stay at a hotel across the city from the one we decided upon, where we should never have met him, and our visit to Armenia would have failed.

After visiting missions in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and the British Isles, they sailed for home, arriving on Christmas Eve of 1921, and these two men who had been as one during this eventful year, made a complete report with their recommendations to President Heber J. Grant, and received an honorable release.

On January 15, 1936, President McKay was again sent to visit the missions of the Hawaiian Islands, and in February 1948, made a tour of the Mexican Mission. On June 1, 1952, he left New York City by air to visit the European Mission, including Scotland, Wales, England, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Switzerland, and France.

IN addition to his earlier educational activities, President McKay has held many responsible positions,

and has been honored by many universities. On June 2, 1922, he received an honorary degree of Master of Arts from the Brigham Young University. Later honorary degrees were conferred upon him by the Utah State Agricultural College, by the University of Utah, and by Temple University at Philadelphia. He has served as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Utah, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Utah State Agricultural College, and has long been a member of the Church Board of Education, over which organization he now presides.

President McKay has been a member at important conferences in Washington, D. C. The White House conference he attended was called by President Herbert Hoover, at which he was appointed State Director of Child Welfare for his own State. On October 22, 1951, he was invited to a conference in the White House by President Harry S. Truman, and on June 5, 1953, he

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY TURNS FIRST SHOVEL OF EARTH AT TEMPLE SITE NEAR BERNE, SWITZERLAND, AUGUST 5, 1953

Left to right: Elder Wilhelm Zimmer, First Counselor in the Swiss-Austrian Mission Presidency; Elder Edward O. Anderson, Church Architect; President William F. Perschon, Swiss-Austrian Mission; Dr. Llewelyn McKay; President David O. McKay; Sister Emma Ray Riggs McKay; President A. Hamer Reiser, President, British Mission; Sister Elizabeth B. Reiser; Elder Samuel E. Bringhurst, former President Swiss-Austrian Mission.

attended a conference on United States Foreign Policy, called by Secretary of State Dulles. On July 17, 1953, he spoke at the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, in Los Angeles, where he was awarded scouting's highest honor, "The Silver Buffalo."

Another important event was the dedication of the Mormon Pioneer Memorial Bridge, at Omaha, Nebraska, attended by a large group of Church Authorities and members, at which he was the principal speaker and offered the dedicatory prayer.

An important appointment came to him when he was made Chairman of the Utah Centennial Exposition Commission, in April 1938. This organization planned and carried to completion one of the greatest celebrations Utah has ever known. Every county and city in the State participated, with a grand climax in Salt Lake City on July 24, 1947.

ON September 8, 1944, he was chosen as Second Counselor to President Heber J. Grant and on May 21, 1945, in a reorganization of the First Presidency, he was appointed Second Counselor to President George Albert Smith. This position he held until the passing of President Smith, when, on April 9, 1951, he was sustained in solemn assembly in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, as President of the Church, with Stephen L Richards as First Counselor and J. Reuben Clark, Jr. as Second Counselor.

Since he has been President, his activities have been reported in the Church Section of the Deseret News and other Church periodicals, and it would require many pages to record even the highlights of his very busy life. Probably the most important of these is the great building program which is now being carried on in the Church. Hardly a week passes which does not record the dedication of a ward chapel or a stake house.

The membership of the Church is being thrilled with the ground breaking for the new Relief Society Building, and the promise of its early completion. The long-awaited Ogden Tabernacle is also becoming a reality. As always in the history of ancient and modern churches of our God, temple building has been considered of the utmost importance. On September 22, 1951, the dedication of the site, and ground-breaking exercises marked the beginning of the erection of the Los Angeles Temple. The greatest innovation, however, came when, on August 5, 1953, a site was dedicated for the construction of a temple at Berne, Switzerland, and immediately following, a similar ceremony for one to be built at New Chapel, County Surrey, in England. The joy these events will bring to our members across the water cannot be estimated.

On January 2, 1953, President and Sister McKay celebrated their fifty-second wedding anniversary, and they are seen together at all the President's appointments here and abroad. May they be blessed with health, wisdom, and the Spirit of our Heavenly Father as they continue the great work of him who is at the head of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

McKAY HOME IN HUNTSVILLE, UTAH

The Old Home

Jeanette McKay Morrell

The walls are thick, the ceiling high,
The fireplace wide and deep;
The chimneys with tall poplars vie,
The sheltering roof is steep.
The two who built and made the home
Have long since passed away;
Their names are on a granite stone
Where memorial wreaths we lay.

Upon the walls their portraits hang;
Their presence lights each room,
The organ around which they sang,
Their chairs left all too soon.
The moss-rose china used with care,
The album velvet lined;
Bouquets designed from loved one's hair,
"The Book" with names enshrined.

The echoes of their lives are there,
For all who knew them hear
Father's voice in family prayer,
Mother's gentler — vibrant, clear;
Inspiring words of honored guests,
The laughter of young friends,
Exchange of spiritual quests
And literary trends.

They stood united as one head,
And with decisions fair—
Unchangeable, they gently led
With admonition rare.
A haven still of peace and rest,
The place now plays its role.
To those who know and love it best
The old home has a soul.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

M. ISABELLA HORNE: President Horne had the honor of belonging to the Relief Society in Nauvoo, which was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and had the unspeakable pleasure of listening to the melody of his voice, giving instruction to the daughters of Zion, he having turned the key for the redemption of women . . . . Long and often has this woman (Sister Horne) raised her voice in exhortation, instruction and love, to her sisters, many of whom can testify that from her lips has fallen the soft word that first caused them to think, and inspired in them the desire to reach out to more glorious possibilities of intelligence and progress. Her instructions to maid, wife and mother, explaining the mission of woman, in bearing the souls of men, her duties to them, her home and her husband are beyond price.

—Lydia D. Alder

THANKSGIVING

We thank thee for all of life's seasons,
For springtime, for winter and rain;
We know that in time all thy reasons
To our wond'ring souls will be plain,
We thank thee for hopes thou hast given
Of a life immortal and free,
That beautiful respite in Heaven,
When again we come unto thee.

—E. R. Shipp

BLACK FRUIT CAKE: Cream together one pound of brown sugar and one pound of butter. Beat the yolks and whites of ten eggs separately. Add the yolks, with one pound of seeded raisins, one pound of currants, and a half pound of sliced citron, one third of an ounce each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg, and one-quarter ounce each of ground mace and cloves, also one pound of flour that has been slightly browned. Add the whites of the eggs. Mix and beat well. Turn into a mold and bake for five hours in a moderate oven. Before using ice and decorate with candied fruit.

MEXICAN ITEMS: Perhaps some of our dear brethren and sisters in more favored and civilized places wonder if our Heavenly Father would stoop to care for those poor exiles in this far off land, but it is so, and here in this place I have learned the sweetest lessons that the Gospel has ever taught us. Here under a lonely roof I have had an opportunity of learning to thank God for blessings, thank him for trials, and suffering . . . . But we will learn in the end that one blessing we never have been deprived of, and that is the tender watch-care of our eternal Heavenly Father.

—S. T. Brimhall

LESSON

Thus anciently were holy women taught,
By Christ's Apostles, great, inspired men;
Today are glimpses of those lessons taught;
Apostles, Prophets teach the same again.

—L. Lula Greene Richards

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

AMONG the new books written by women about women are the following: *Willa Cather*, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, a memoir of the eminent novelist of the American scene; *Until Victory*: Horace Mann and Mary Peabody, by Louise Hall Tharp, the life story of a New England schoolteacher, sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who married the great pioneer educator, Horace Mann; *How Tolstoy and His Wife Lived*, by their daughter Alexandra Tolstoy, life of one of the world's greatest novelists and his wife, who could not share his dreams; *Woman at Work: The Autobiography of Mary Anderson*, as told to Mary N. Winslow, achievements of the Swedish immigrant girl who became director of the Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, and devoted her life to national and international efforts for the betterment of women workers.

IN September, two months before turning one hundred years old, Mrs. W. N. B. (Emily M. Phipps) Shepherd, Salt Lake City, passed away. She was the mother of ten children—all musically gifted—of whom three, Arthur, Charles, and Albert, have won national reputations.

PAULINE (POLLY) OLSEN, eighty-three, of Annis, Idaho, died in August 1953. Born without arms, she trained herself to use her feet, and she made her own living, with the exception of a small pension, and cared for herself until shortly before her death. Courageous and happy, her life has been an outstanding example of a woman's triumph over a great handicap.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Ann C. Milne, Murray, Utah, one hundred and five; Mrs. Ruth May Fox, one hundred; Mrs. Amanda Sanderson Jones Pritchett, Fairview, Utah, ninety-nine; Mrs. Mary Ann Carver Geddes, Plain City, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Mary Ellen Alston, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Harriet Irene Ranck Olson, Salt Lake City, ninety-four; Mrs. Martina Thompson Sorenson, Draper, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Jeanette McAllister Reynolds, Salt Lake City, ninety-one; Mrs. Mary Christine Olsen Newton Peterson, Ephraim, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Lucina Call Perkins, Salt Lake City, ninety.

LINGUIST ELIZABETH HANUNIAN, of the Legislative Reference Service Library, Washington, D. C., translates from nine different languages the great amount of mail that comes to senators and representatives in those foreign tongues.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 DECEMBER 1953 NO. 12

The 124th Semi-Annual Church Conference

IN speaking of the 124th semi-annual conference of the Church, which convened in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on October 2, 1953, President McKay characterized it as an epoch-making session in that for the first time in history thousands outside Utah had the opportunity to meet in worship with the assembled congregation. Through television, thousands of people living on the Pacific Coast shared in the proceedings of the Sunday morning session. Each year the sessions are broadcast over an ever-increasing area. This year participating radio stations were located in the states of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, and California. Radio station KSL and KSL-TV originated all broadcasts and telecasts. Added significance to the words "The law shall go forth from Zion" was felt as one speaker averred, "Here is the spiritual capital of the world."

Twice a year the world is given the opportunity of learning the will of the Lord to the inhabitants of the earth, but still the words of the Savior apply, "Having ears, they hear not." Words of counsel in wisdom, however, enter into the ears of those who will hear. None need be left in doubt as to the law, as he is admonished and blessed by the General Authorities, one after another, for the space of the three-day sessions.

The brethren selected to fill the vacancies occasioned by the deaths of Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Stayner Richards, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, resulted in three new appointments. President Richard L. Evans, of the First Council of Seventy, was called to be a member of the Council of the Twelve; Elder Hugh B. Brown was made an Assistant to the Twelve; and Elder Marion D. Hanks was called to fill the vacancy in the First Council of Seventy. There was general approval and rejoicing in each of these new appointments.

Faithful Latter-day Saints privileged to be hearers of the proceedings were fed the bread of life, as one after another of the brethren voiced, with profound conviction, the particular principles of the gospel which to him seemed of most worth to the members of the Church today.

Again and again the speakers avowed their love and devotion to President McKay and to the other presiding brethren—those men who have been called by the Lord to be the servants of the people, dedicating their lives to lead those who have ears to hear back into the Father's kingdom. The prayer was silently voiced and revoiced in the hearts of Church members, "O God, bless all these humble and mighty men, thy leaders, and ever give unto thy children of the covenant the strength to sustain them."

—M. C. S.

The Precious Things of Earth

". . . and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh . . . (Matthew 2:11).

WHEN the Magi, who had traveled over the high mountains and the bleak deserts to white-walled Bethlehem—when these "dividers of the stars" bowed before the infant Jesus, the custom of Christmas giving came to earth. The Wise Men brought to the young child gifts typical of that time and place, commodities precious in the sight of the people of Palestine and adjacent countries. Strange gifts, perhaps, to be brought to a child, but the Wise Men offered them as symbols of great and lasting worth.

It is inevitable that a person who loves another, whether it be a family member or a friend, will think of gifts, and the essential element in the giving is this very thoughtfulness and love—never the monetary value nor the lavishness of the offering. It is the richness of love which makes the gift a precious thing of earth.

One of the sweet mysteries of life is the wide variance in values which appeal to different people and to the same person at different stages in his life. There is no complete explaining of that which will appear as wedges of gold to some individuals. It is for us to have wisdom and understanding in our hearts when we become the bearers of gifts.

Once a young mother bent over a sleeping child and saw the small pink fingers clasped tightly around some object apparently of great worth. Carefully the mother unlocked the little fingers and found a small black button in her baby's hand. As an elderly woman, this mother remembers that which was precious to her child.

Some little girl, who loves best of all her treasures the armless doll which has lost its golden curls, knows in her heart the strange reason for her devotion and her childish appreciation.

Two women who had served for several years as officers in a ward Relief Society were parted when one of them moved to a distant state. When the traveler came to tell her associate goodbye, she placed in her hand a yellow linen handkerchief with the recipient's name embroidered in the corner. After many years, and many experiences, the woman still treasures the handkerchief as a symbol of love and association.

So it must ever be with the gifts which are of the heart and of the spirit of devotion. Two girls had been inseparable companions throughout their college days. One of them later made her home on the Pacific Coast far away from her friend, but her Christmas letters seemed to be borne on wings of nearness, for they were filled with precious thoughts. There was no money for gifts, she said, but her friend received the great and sufficient offering.

A grandfather, knowing that his days upon the earth were drawing to a close, presented, upon the last Christmas of his life, a precious gift to his granddaughter. It was a little

(*Continued on page 863*)

Journey for Christmas

Katherine F. Larsen

THE cold began early that fall. School had been going for only two or three weeks, and already the mornings were hoarfrosted, with glassed-over puddles and a wintry feel to the air.

It was on one of those perceptibly shortened afternoons when the green beetle of a school bus let us out up on the highway, that I bore the heavy, new, brightly colored Sears-Roebuck catalogue homeward, Ruthie crowding at my elbow teasing, "Please, Kathy, let me look at it second after you, please . . . please," while I, full of the importance of good tidings, did not deign to answer.

Every school day I had to call for the mail, including the previous day's newspaper, before noon lunch was over, at Fingal Barman's small general store and branch post office a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse.

Winter catalogue arrival was an event at our small isolated farmhouse. It meant that mother would order our long winter underwear, new stocking caps, mittens, and perhaps a new coat for me, passing my outgrown one down to Ruthie, and—best of all to us children—we could pore over the Christmas toys lithographed in tempting splendor therein. Oh, the dolls, the lavish array of dimpled adorable dolls! No Christmas could possibly be Christmas without a new one apiece to join the old family in the corner of Ruthie's and my bedroom.

This exciting night, after supper dishes, Ruthie, Larry, and I sprawled on our stomachs before the glowing Franklin stove in the front room to look at the catalogue, pointing and shrilly debating which toys we wanted; but Larry quickly lost interest when we turned to the doll section. I read the descriptions aloud to Ruthie, because, being just six and in first grade, she could read scarcely at all. Larry, not yet five and a boy, was of course interested only in things like toy tractors, wagons, sleds, and miniature farmyards; and Dorrie, at two, was caught up in the excitement without quite understanding what it was all about.

At the first page of the doll section I nudged my sister and shrilled, "Look, oh, look at this gorgeous doll, Ruthie! Isn't she a love?" She was pictured in color, and was according to the description, "Twenty-four inches high, sleeping eyes with real lashes, cries, 'Mama!' when tipped forward, daintily dressed in red dotted swiss trimmed with val lace, leatherette shoes, white socks . . . ."

We gasped at her brown hair, Dutch-cut like ours. And ineffable magic, crowning enchantment, she had a little music box inside her stuffed body, with a little crank coming out of her side up under the dress, and when you turned it music played. Then I saw the price—$4.95—almost five dollars! Enchantment took on a never-never quality. Our dolls could not cost more than two dollars, and, especially, this year.

Because of the early cold, moth-

er's hens had almost quit laying the eggs which she depended on selling for the money to buy our winter clothing and the Christmas things. She looked worried when she confided to me that our toy orders would necessarily have to be sent much later than usual. Being nine-and-a-half, I had understood about Santa ever since I began geography in the third grade. Logic told me that no one could travel all over the world in one night, and when I taxed mama with the problem, she explained it to me, and, afterward, we conspired to keep the other children believing. Knowing took the edge off anticipation in a way, but it made me feel more grown-up and more a part of the adult world.

AFTER Ruthie and I had admired the music-box doll again and again, I turned the pages to where the less expensive dolls were pictured in black-and-white, and, after consulting with mama several times, we each picked out ours. Mine was described as "Daintily dressed in pink lawn, lace-trimmed; sleeping eyes; composition head and arms; painted life-like hair; cries 'Mama'; eighteen inches tall; soft stuffed body; $2.19 plus postage." And in small print, "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. If item ordered is out of stock, a better grade of similar merchandise will be sent." It always said that, but the only time we ever sent anything back was when Mama was wrong on the size and had to exchange stockings or something.

The snows started early, too, after the unseasonable cold. By Thanksgiving there was over a foot on the ground, and it continued to fall intermittently with cold snaps severe for so early in the season. Mother's hens remained reluctant, and, consequently, it was only two weeks before Christmas Eve when she finally got off the order for our dolls. Everything else was either on the way, or had already arrived and had been stored on the high shelf in mama's and papa's bedroom. Larry had ordered a small tractor from Santa, and together with Ruthie's and my dolls and a woolly white lamb on wheels for Dorrie, made up the large items of our Christmas. For the rest, there would be one or two games and books, hardtack candy, and nuts, a very satisfactory array, in our eyes.

Excitement ran higher and higher as the days grew shorter. I awakened one night from a confused dream of Christmas to the yip-yip-yip-yi-i-i-i, long drawn out, of yelping coyotes outside. Sometimes in the cold they crept very near, sounding as if they were right beneath our window. Mama always reassured us, saying they sounded much closer than they really were. I tucked the quilts closely over my exposed ear to shut out the eerie sounds, but it was a long time before sleep came again.

Time dragged more and more slowly for us children, although, inevitably, drawing nearer to the day. Now mother made her divinity loaf, heavy and creamy and rich with walnuts, wrapping it in waxed paper and leaving it on the cold, back-screened porch to ripen for several days.

At last, at last, it was only two more days until Christmas! Papa would go after the tree that very morning, trying for a fir from the hills above the upper pasture. It would take most of the day, because of the deep snow. Ginger, the cow pony, could only flounder through the drifts with difficulty, and would require frequent rests.

Mama got the box with the tree ornaments down from the attic hole in the ceiling, and we happily rummaged through it, unwinding the red and green ropes and tarnished tinsel, finding the star for the tip, and peering at the fragile glass balls in their little nests of cotton-wool. Tomorrow evening we would trim the tree! We were beside ourselves with excitement.

In the midst of the merry hubbub mother beckoned me aside. She looked worn and troubled. "Kathy," she said, "the dolls didn't come yesterday when Mr. Williams brought us our mail."

I knew what that meant. The postman came on his horse only once a week, and school being recessed for the holidays, I wouldn't be bringing any mail home on the school bus until after the holidays.

"Couldn't papa . . .?"

Mama shook her head. "He won't be back from getting the tree until too late, and, besides, Ginger will be too tired to go six miles after such heavy going through deep snow."

"But, Mama, can't he go tomorrow?"

Mama said regretfully, "Look at the calendar, dear. Christmas Eve comes on Sunday this year, and Barman's will be closed all day. It *has* to be today. Kathy, I hate to ask you, it's such a long way for a little girl not ten years old, but the snowplow has been through on the highway, and Ruthie wouldn't understand if Santa forgot her doll. Besides, yours will be missing, too."

Panic held my throat for a moment. Over six miles . . . walking . . . and all that snow! But I knew mama was right. Ruthie just couldn't wake to disappointment on Christmas day.

We looked at each other, horrified at the thought that the parcel might not even yet have arrived.

After noon dinner, mother bundled me against the cold, because even though the sun was shining, the temperature had been a record forty degrees below zero at the railroad station three nights before.

"Unbutton your coat if you get too warm walking," Mama said, "but not the sweater. And leave your cap and mittens on."

SHE kissed me goodbye, and I stepped outdoors into a nearly unbroken dazzle of white. I floundered awkwardly across the slight decline that marked the frozen brook, and trudged on up to the highway. The snowplow had pushed the packed snow higher than a tall man's head on either side, and it was work to scramble over the top and down into the hard-packed trough of the road.

My eyes soon became accustomed to the noonday glare on snow, and I amused myself for the first half mile to Rosehill cottage imagining that I was a princess, and all the acres of dazzling diamonds winking in the sun were my jewels. Down

the hill into Mathews' hollow was easy, but up the other side and slowly rounding the long hill, the going began to be harder.

After awhile, halfway there, I could see the cottonwoods down by the river in the distance, shivering gray ghosts of the trees that made a green oasis in summer. Above them, to the north, huddled beneath the bald hills, was the Peterson village store, ramshackle, with peeling yellow paint. A sign said "Barman's," and, below, "U. S. Post Office."

I was much too far away to see the signs, but I knew they were there. By now I was numb with effort and the monotonous rhythm of walking, and for the last long mile, with legs like wooden posts, I blundered on.

Fingal Barman was waiting on a customer, whose team I had vaguely noticed hitched outside, but the customer finished his business and left before my vision cleared enough to make out the familiar bedraggled, gray mutton-chop whiskers and rheumy blue eyes under the bald and shiny dome.

He rasped out in his bleared voice, "Well, gal, what d'yew want? D'ja come with yer dad?"

I shook my head, too shy to tell how I came, and asked, hesitantly, if there was a package.

It seemed an interminable time he took shuffling to the post-office section, and an age before he waddled back — empty-handed. He peered at me, shaking his head.

I fought down the lump that suddenly blocked my speech, and the sickening feeling of disappointment. "Oh, Mr. Barman, I've walked all this way, and Ruthie . . ." I choked, my eyes filling with tears, ". . . and we won't have our Christmas . . . ." I couldn't go on.

Mr. Barman pulled at his whiskers. "Mail train got through late. Sure, now, maybe it's in the stuff the man just brought from the station. Haven't had time to go through it yet."

He shuffled back once more, and I could hear him muttering and pawing through the mail sacks.

At last he emerged, bearing the precious package.

"This it?" he asked, handing it across the counter to my eager hands.

I read the return address. "Oh, yes, thank you, thank you, Mr. Barman."

Then I turned and burst through the door, eager to be home and the bearer of good news.

ON the steps outside I paused. The sun was still quite high, and I was so hot inside with all the sweaters, mufflers, heavy leggings, and coat, maybe I'd better rest my tired legs awhile before starting the long way back. I sat down, leaning my head in its heavy woolen cap against the rail post, and it felt so good!

I must have been sound asleep, for I was roused abruptly from a dream of climbing, climbing over glacial ice and snow in some alpine fastness, a pack of gray wolves howling on my trail and gaining fast.

"Sakes, child, yew still here?"

It was Mr. Barman's rasping voice. I rubbed my eyes and looked around, bewildered. He was peering down the steps from the door,

to which he was affixing a padlock. *Closed* read the sign hung askew from a rusty nail near his head.

I started up stiffly, shocked to see the sun now gone behind the mountains. It would be dark in less than an hour! I muttered goodbye, clutched my parcel, and stumbled down the remaining steps.

Chill had penetrated my layers of clothing, and I hurried on my way with difficulty. What *would* mother think if I was not back by dark?

Freshened by my nap, after I got warmed up again, the first mile around the long hill was quite easy, except that I had to change the bulky parcel from one arm to the other quite often. But before I reached the hollow, dusk obscured the familiar landmarks, and I dreaded to go down into the silent dark, where bushes loomed on either side, where coyotes might be lurking to pounce on me as I passed. My overactive imagination had them sneaking at my heels for the next quarter mile or so.

I pushed ahead, down into the hollow and up the other side as fast as my legs would go. Then another worry overtook me. My side felt as if a redhot poker had been thrust under my ribs, and I gasped for breath with every step. Soon, gaining the crest, there were small sharp knives slashing my straining chest. I *had* to rest.

At the top of the hill I halted, climbed the snow bank, and looked to the right to see the cheering lights of Rosehill cottage, a quarter of a mile off the highway. How I longed to stop there instead of pressing on, but it was very dark now, and mama and papa would think something had happened to me.

I sat down abruptly on the snow and began to whimper. I was so tired I wanted to sink down and go to sleep, but the cold, biting through my clothing, reminded me that people froze to death if they went to sleep in the snow. With a last regretful look at the shining windows of the cottage, I slid down to the road again, to trudge the last half mile.

About halfway I suddenly heard heavy feet crunching the snow just around the bend ahead. Then a circle of light danced before a tall looming figure.

I turned with a sob and began to run back toward Rosehill cottage.

"*Kathy!*" the figure shouted in dear papa's voice. "Kathy, is that you?"

How comforting his arms were around me, as I sobbed with relief, and how lovely it was to be carried, pick-a-back, the rest of the way home.

CHRISTMAS morning we were, as usual on that day of days, up and in mama's and papa's room long before daylight, teasing and pleading with them to get up. Finally, they arose. Larry hopped up and down, Dorrie clapped her hands, and Ruthie and I clutched each other blissfully when they went into the living room to light the candles on the tree. We waited breathlessly for an age by the closed door before they sang out, "Ready, now," and "Merry Christmas!" as we burst through the doorway, smallest first, me last.

The glory of the shining tree

stopped us for a moment. Ruthie clasped her baby doll with both arms, her face alight. How happy I was that my trip had not been in vain. Then I saw my doll sitting under the tree, demure in red dotted swiss—no, it couldn't be . . . .

Slowly I bent and picked her up. "Oh, Mama, the *music box doll!* How . . . .?" I turned to mother, bewildered.

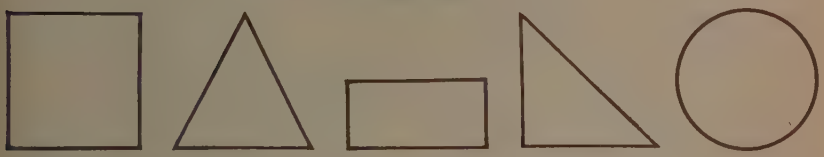
Her brown eyes shone as she turned me aside from the busy smaller children.

"Sears Roebuck were all out of the doll I ordered for you, so they sent this one, with a note saying they hoped it would do instead. Aren't you glad?"

I was speechless with the wonder of it. Slowly I tipped the princess over to hear the plaintive "Mama!" I touched the real eyelashes with a careful finger, then smoothed the brown hair, and, finally, I reached up under the red dotted swiss skirt, found the tiny crank, and began to play a merry, magic, tinkling tune.

Make Interesting Blocks for Children

Thalia Black



MATERIALS

paste
saw
sandpaper
paint
clear varnish
floor wax
magazine pictures
scraps of lumber

Step 1: Saw the corners of the lumber straight, leaving the general lines very much as they are.

Step 2: Use sandpaper to smooth.

Step 3: Paste pictures cut from magazines to all the flat surfaces.

Step 4: Apply clear varnish to the entire surface of the block.

Step 5: Finish with a coat of floor wax.

Fashion Note

Marian Schroder Crothers

The fence posts march across the snow,
Precisely patterned, row by row,
Their long, slim shadows, softly dark,
On silvery whiteness make a mark
Of alternating black on white,
Till lost in velvet folds of night.
Now winter writes a fashion note:
"This year, earth wears a zebra coat!"

"Good Will Toward Men"

Helen Hinckley Jones

THE familiar "good will toward men" of the angels' Christmas song took on a new and sweeter meaning for our family the year that Emilie, a vibrant young French student, lived in our garden apartment, and all roads seemed to lead from Pensacola, Florida, to Altadena, California.

When we invited Emilie to share our family Christmas, she said with real regret, "I'd love to, but I'm expecting a friend from Pensacola."

"Bring him, too," Ivan, my husband, urged, knowing that a young cadet away from his beloved France for the first time might be a little homesick for a family.

At one o'clock on the morning of December 24th, an urgent chiming of our front door bell awakened us and, sleepily, Ivan stumbled to the door. I lay listening. A greeting in halting English . . . . Ivan's response in easy French (Ivan served his mission in France) . . . . A relieved torrent of French from the stranger . . . . A call to Emilie . . . . Her high-pitched bubbling speech added to the men's voices.

I have a listening acquaintance with French, but not at that distance nor at that speed. My curiosity practically pushed me out of bed before Ivan returned. Louis had arrived, and Emilie had directed him to Cal Tech's International House.

"Why didn't you put him to bed in the guest room?" I asked.

"Didn't think of it," Ivan confessed, and added, "he had a ride back down town, anyway. He came with an American cadet on his way to Fresno."

Four o'clock. Again the door bell. Again Ivan stumbled sleepily through the house. Again a conversation in French. Louis back? I wondered. But no. This voice was softer, younger, the accent different, the upward inflection more pronounced. Finally footsteps mounted our uncarpeted stairs.

Returning to bed, Ivan said that Jacque, another cadet, had hoped that Emilie could direct him to a French hotel. He had her name and address from Louis. Since Jacque "had no English," Ivan had felt paternal and had sent him up to our guest room.

Our daughters, six and nine, watched Jacque at breakfast with much the same expression that they gaze through the bars at the wonderful animals in the zoo, as Ivan and Jacque—by this time Ivan and I were affectionately calling him Petit Jacque, not because he was really small, but because he seemed so terribly young — chatted and laughed and demolished a platter of pancakes and sausage.

AFTER breakfast we took him over to Hollywood to meet a "friend by mail" who had offered to show him the town. We gave him exact instructions for returning to us by bus, but when evening came and we had to leave for a family dinner engagement, we went reluctantly, after pinning a French note for him to the front door.

When we returned a few lines had been added to the note, giving a telephone number and an address.

Ivan called the number, "Have you a French cadet from Pensacola?"

"Yes. We picked him up hitch hiking from Los Angeles. We took him to your place, but you weren't home. He's waiting here for you."

We drove about a mile to the address on the note. There was a French cadet, all right, but not our Petit Jacque. This cadet was older, his accent showed he was from the north of France, not the Midi, as Jacque was, and his name was Michel. He had hoped that Emilie could direct him to a French hotel.

CHRISTMAS Eve, and our house was a French hotel! Louis and Michel occupied my study, Jacque, the guest room.

What a wonderful day Christmas was from stocking-emptying time to the bedtime carol sing around the lighted tree, with Emilie and the three French cadets from Pensacola. We heard little of French customs or politics, much of rapid fire banter, gay young laughter. All over the house were lively French faces, willing French hands. Our home was their home, our country their country for this blessed day at least.

When the day was over, and our girls went to bed, Jacqueline sighed. "I think we won't ever have another Christmas as good as this one!" And Sammie, with six-year-old simplicity, added, "Daddy, I knew people *spoke* French, but I didn't know they *talked* it." And as she was just about to go to sleep, "Jacqueline, don't you just love them? They don't talk like us, but they *feel* like us."

"Good will toward men" the angels sang. And it's easy to feel good will when people from other parts of the world are folks, not statistics, not populations. Always, I think, when France or the French are mentioned, our little girls will find it hard to believe anything ill about them. They'll think, instead, about that "very best" Christmas, when all roads seemed to lead from Pensacola, Florida, to Altadena, California.

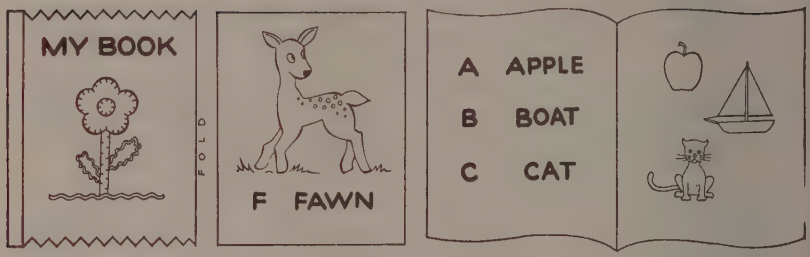
Snowfall

Enola Chamberlin

There is no beauty like the falling snow—
No loveliness like flakes succeeding flakes
Until the clouds in downy whiteness flow
To earth; and distance, like a crystal, breaks
Before the eyes. The hills are lost, the trees,
Unpatterned shadows in a misty world,
Could be great giants crouched upon their knees,
Or seaweed from Sargossa oceans swirled.
And it has fallen, fallen through the years,
From dusk to dawn and back to dusk again,
Has fallen on the laughter and the tears,
The love and hate, the rise and fall of men.
And now today once more quite silently
It brings its beauty for the world to see.

Making Cloth Books

Elaine C. Nichols



WHAT mother doesn't have some mementos of her children, especially from the time when they were very young, perhaps a dress, a bonnet, or a well-loved toy of some kind? In the case of toys, they are often used by a second generation of children, and sometimes by even a third, as grandmother or great-grandmother brings them out.

My own grandmother has just such treasures, and among them are some old books, worn, gray, and faded with many washings, but nonetheless enchanting for a very small child who likes to look at the pictures and name each object.

Remembering from my early childhood my delight in these books, I determined to make a cloth book for my eighteen-month-old son to enjoy now, and perhaps for others to enjoy later. Since making such books I have found that they sell well at bazaars, and that they are simple enough for young girls to make to help fill honor badge requirements in Primary and Mutual. Nieces and nephews enjoy these books. So, as a gift from the heart, requiring some thought and effort, as a bazaar item, or as an idea for helping others learn creatively, try making cloth books.

Materials

One yard unbleached muslin
Six-strand embroidery thread
One set of transfer patterns

Directions

1. Cut 4, 5, or 6 pieces of muslin, 16 inches by 10 inches.
2. Fold in half and crease to form center division.
3. Unfold and stamp a pattern on each section.
4. Embroider with appropriate simple stitches.
5. Fold again in half on crease with folded edge becoming the right edge of the page.
6. Trim cut edges (top and bottom of pages) with pinking shears to form a book.
7. Sew pages at the left one-half inch from the edge.

Variations

A. In Making the Book

1. The book may be pinked on top and bottom and a piece of bright-colored material one inch wide sewed down the left side to form a bright strip of material which covers the unpinked edge and makes a most attractive finish.

2. The book pages may be turned wrong side out and sewed three-eighths of an inch on the top and bottom, then turned right side out, and a one-inch strip sewed down the left side when all the pages are assembled.

3. Whatever way the book is finished, put a title on the front cover, such as "My Book," "Baby's Book," "Toys, "A B C's," or "My Dolls."

These little books can be washed and ironed as often as needed, and they will last and last.

B. In Pattern

1. There are many transfer patterns of animals, flowers, dolls, houses, and other objects which can be found by looking through the pattern books in stores.

2. If you are an artist draw your own objects.

3. If you're not an artist and can't find a pattern for what you want, look through your magazines until you find the picture you want and then trace it. This is especially helpful when you want a picture of a spoon, a chair, a dress, a flower, or some other simple object familiar to a child.

C. In Materials Used

1. Objects may be made of gay prints or plain colors or combinations of these and appliqued on the muslin either by hand or by sewing machine.

2. Objects may be painted on the muslin with textile paints.

3. If the objects are simple enough in outline, bias binding or rick rack may be used.

4. Combinations of any of these may be used.

Christmas Giving

Luella N. Adams

IS Christmas losing its true significance? Originally, gifts and happiness were intended to symbolize the birth of Christ. As time has passed, this important holiday has largely become a time of celebrating and gift giving, and it has become far too commercial to many of us.

Commemorating the birth of our Lord and Savior, having peace, happiness, and good will in our hearts should be the purpose of Christmas—a time to bind family and friends. These precious values cannot be purchased. The gifts given us by Jesus have brought more real joy to mankind than all the worldly gifts money can buy.

To many people, the Christmas season has become a time of frustration and strain, physical strain, nervous strain, financial strain. Of course, Santa Claus will always bring gifts to children, but children are often confused with too many things.

Start early to prepare for Christmas, remembering "the gift without the giver is bare." A great-grandmother makes aprons all during the year for her family and friends. Think of the happy memories as she stitches, and how the aprons will be appreciated.

A letter or note to friends rarely seen will bring joy. These could be written days ahead. A word of greeting written on the Christmas card gives a personal touch. In purchasing these cards remember the sacred theme of the season.

The true spirit of Christmas comes through being generous in love and friendliness, not so much in material gifts. Most of all at this glorious season, we must not forget to remember him whose gift to all mankind was the supreme gift.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 3

Alice Morrey Bailey

Synopsis: Steve Thorpe, who has encountered much difficulty in caring for his three motherless children, is grateful for the efficient care given his sick baby by Margaret Crain, a registered nurse. Margaret's mother, a widow, temporarily accepts the position of housekeeper in Steven's home, and he feels that his most immediate problems are solved. However, his employer, angry over his leaving a selling assignment, tells Steven that he is fired.

STEVE went apprehensively into the sick room next morning. Miss Crain's back was toward him, and she was reading her thermometer. Little Phyllis looked very sick, without the bright red cheeks of yesterday. Steve's mouth went dry with fear. While he had been worrying about such trivial things as losing his job his baby was dying. He tried to speak, but his voice was a crack.

"Miss Crain!"

Miss Crain turned a radiant face toward him. There was joy and suppressed pride in her expression. When she saw his face she came closer and looked anxiously at him.

"Your baby is much, much better," she said. "Really and truly, Mr. Thorpe. She is practically out of danger—and going to be well. You'll be amazed how soon."

Her urgency convinced Steve. Miss Crain joined him, and together they laughed from joy and release from strain. It was a bond of wordless understanding between them, and a high moment to share with anybody. With little Phyllis well, he could do anything!

Yes, it was amazing. It was amazing also how two women, the nurse and her mother, had made order and safety out of chaos, routine out of disorder. It was wonderful to see Ilene and Davey blossom into good-child behavior, with confidence replacing the hungry orphan look in their faces. It wrenched Steve's heart. How he wished it could continue!

"You will be amazed to see how soon Phyllis will be well," the nurse had said, and added, when Steve pressed her, "a week at most."

Much as he wanted Phyllis well, he knew too surely how it would be. There would then be no nurse, and no Mrs. Crain. There would be again the nightmare of finding suitable people to care for the children, with this time the added strain of finding a new job.

"Look," he asked brightly at dinner, "why couldn't you two make this your home? You could come here between cases, Miss Crain, and your mother could stay on. You would have no expenses of living, and, Mrs. Crain, you could earn a good salary."

The two of them looked at him blankly, while he floundered out his difficulties, his dread of new arrangements.

"That is a very generous offer," said Mrs. Crain finally. "I'm sorry we can't take it. Margaret is get-

ting married the first of June to Dr. Rex Harmon, and we have preparations to make. Then I have promised my son's wife I will come there. She needs me just at that time, following Margaret's wedding."

"It wouldn't be fair for us to stay until the children get attached to us, or we to them," Miss Crain added. "Already I can hardly bear to leave them, they are so adorable. The sooner you make permanent arrangements, the better they will be."

HER eyes were troubled and compassionate, and she seemed so sincerely concerned that he regretted having brought the matter up.

"You can't blame a man for trying," he said lightly, and changed the subject to cover his disappointment.

He was staring glumly out the window of the living room later when Miss Crain came in. She was silent on her nurse's shoes, but Steve felt her presence and turned, smiling a welcome, and indicated a chair. "Sit down, Miss Crain. I don't think you have been off your feet all day."

"The children are all asleep. I told Davey and Ilene a bedtime story. Mother has gone to bed, and I will, too." She seemed suddenly diffident.

"Talk awhile if you aren't too tired," invited Steve, to put her at ease.

"I keep thinking of you—your problems."

"So do I," Steve said, smiling wryly. "I seem well supplied at the moment, and just now seemed to have touched bottom. I've been there before, though, and after a night's sleep I'll be able to see my way out, so you don't need to worry about it. You've solved the biggest problem I had, getting Phyllis on the road to recovery. I should be able to take care of the rest!"

He tried to speak with a confidence and calmness he did not feel, in order to reassure her, but she sat primly on the edge of her chair, like a good child about to speak a piece. He was amused.

He was thinking, she is like two separate individuals, competent and in her element in the sick room, timid outside.

He watched her intently, and finally she suggested, "Mr. Thorpe, I can't see any good future in a succession of hired help. Why don't you marry again? You need a wife."

"A *wife!*" Steve said, with deep hurt.

Some of his anger was against this slim girl, who could tear away his defenses to the bare thought, and some of his resentment was that she should presume to advise him. He wanted to ignore her, not to betray his feelings, but she was vitally and irritatingly there.

"A wife! I *had* a wife, Miss Crain. I loved her and I lost her, so what is there left for me? Besides, who would want a widower with three babies?"

They sat in silence until Miss Crain apologized, "I have gone far beyond my duties as a nurse to presume to advise you, please forgive me!"

"Nonsense! Naturally, being the conscientious person you are, you felt you had to do something after what I said at dinner, but remarry-

ing is something I won't even think about. Nobody could take Ellen's place."

"I'm not suggesting anyone could," persisted Miss Cain. "I was trying to tell you that people can love more than once, and . . . ."

"Now wait a minute," said Steve, amused at her earnestness, "you speak with a good deal of authority, and I'm going to get personal, too. Is this wisdom from experience?"

SHE turned suddenly to the window, staring into the blackness beyond as he had done, her back toward him. For a moment she didn't speak, and when she did her voice was quiet.

"The man I loved was killed on Iwo Jima."

"Oh!" said Steve, remembering what he had read of the fury of that island—the beaches, the lava hills, and the stark heroism which still, after the years between, left its tragic scar across a nation. Now his prying question had sought it out where it lay quivering in a girl's heart.

"Would you care to tell me about it?" he asked humbly.

She told him, and he had understanding for every word, for it was like living again the blinding beauty of his courtship with Ellen, the discovery of first love, the romance and the despair, the heartache and the heart joy.

"He was sensitive and tender, a musician and a poet," she finished. "He had no business in a war. He was one of the first casualties. He would be."

"You still love him," Steve said, and she gave him his own answer.

"I'll always love him. Some day, somewhere, I'll see him again!"

"And now you love this Rex—this Dr. Harmon?"

"It is different—a different kind of love, because he is a different person; I am, too, for that matter. At first I felt as you do—that there was nothing left of me to give."

"I didn't say that," marvelled Steve, "but it was what I meant."

"Rex knows about Adrian, and he doesn't mind, so I am not robbing him. He doesn't care about a hereafter, because he doesn't believe in God, or any of the things I believe in."

"That's not a good basis for a marriage," observed Steve, dismayed.

"Rex is brilliant, with a wonderful future. He saves many lives, and that should balance in some way, his unbelief. I can help him."

Steve shook his head. "It sounds fine, but there's something wrong about it. This is *marriage* you're talking about."

"Is there any chance of your getting that contract back? The one at Kettle Creek?" she asked, changing the subject abruptly, as she had once before, to avoid talking of her fiance.

The girl was uncanny, he thought. Something like a nefarious plan had been crossing his mind all day. Now it took hold, sharpened by her words, and gripped him in spite of himself.

He was certainly as disappointed as J. T. must have been to lose that sale. It was a point of personal pride, as well as the money. More than that, it was his conviction that Pikes Peak had the best machinery

for the Kettle Creek work—or for any work in mining for that matter. Making his living selling any other machinery seemed impossible to Steve. It was more than a job he had been fired from—it was his main interest in life, outside his family.

Perhaps he could still sell them the machinery! It would make a great deal of difference, even if he didn't get his old job back, in lifting his feeling of guilt toward the company. Chances were that the Kettle Creek officials had not been advised of his dismissal, and would still accept him as J. T.'s representative.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Thorpe. I can't seem to help interfering with your life."

She had evidently mistaken his long silence for disapproval, and Steve leaped up in consternation, so suddenly he collided with her. His hands caught her shoulders to right her, and for a moment her face was quite close. He saw her then really for the first time, as her sweetheart must have seen her, her clean freshness, even after a trying day, the sweet blue of her eyes, the sweet upturn of her lips. He felt a magnetism about her and resisted a sudden desire to kiss her.

"Is she all right to leave—Phyllis, I mean?" He was shocked to hear the normal tone of his own voice, when his hands still retained the feel of her shoulders, round under his palms.

"I'm sure she is," she replied smiling. "You can leave instructions for me to reach you in case of emergency, but I don't expect one."

TO kiss Margaret Crain had been an impulse, but the vision of her mouth stayed with him, try as he might to think of other things the next day on the way to Kettle Creek. Maybe he was not at all the sort of person he thought himself to be, and his mother had been right after all.

"You'd better plan to remarry," she had said after Ellen's funeral, "when it's decent, of course."

"Mother, you may as well understand that I could never feel anything for anyone else, or love anyone but Ellen."

"Stuff and nonsense!" his mother had replied. "You'll see differently later on."

Certainly he had never anticipated a desire to kiss another woman or such a thing as last night's experience. It was more than that, however. Neither had he anticipated finding an intellectual companionship, the comfort and compatibility he already enjoyed with Margaret Crain, or to feel the agreement, the approval, and admiration of another personality such as hers. After last night's conversation he detected hidden depths in her thinking that he longed to explore.

Well, whatever it was, such thinking would get him nowhere. It was another thing to put a clamp on, to push away into the darkness, along with his loneliness for Ellen. From long practice, Steve knew exactly how it was to be done, and threw himself into the never-failing work.

When he presented himself at J. T.'s office three days later he was weary to the bone, but it was a good weariness, ribbed with a sad sort of

triumph and a real regret at leaving Pikes Peak. He had put the quietus on a desire to go home first and tell Miss Crain about his success, and had driven straight to headquarters instead.

He needed some papers from his office and was half afraid to go there for fear it would be cleaned out and his successor already installed, but Miss Tate was in the outer chamber as always, and her nervous hands flew to her hair as always. He had meant to have her ring J. T., requesting an audience, but instead he went directly in without announcement.

"Tell Mr. Holden I am here," he said to the surprised secretary.

At that instant the door to the inner sanctum opened and he met J. T. face to face. For a moment J. T. looked as the father must have looked on seeing his prodigal son arrive safely home, but he quickly controlled the expression on his rugged features.

"Come in," he said, and retreated into his office, closing the door when Steve followed.

"Sit down," he said, waving Steve to a chair.

"No thanks, J. T.," Steve said, unloading his pockets onto the older man's desk. "I just brought this in for a parting gift. It's the Kettle Creek contract for a complete changeover to our—your machinery."

He had the satisfaction of seeing J. T.'s jaw drop open, as incredulous delight spread over his features.

"How'd you manage this, boy?" J. T. boomed.

"It wasn't easy," Steve confessed. "I've never talked faster than I have these last three days. It was a hoax, too. Too bad you can't fire me for it. I took a chance they didn't know I'd been fired already, so now, if I can get a few of my personal belongings out of my office . . . ."

"Sit down!" ordered J. T.

Steve sat, wondering what was to come next.

"I never had a son," J. T. said hoarsely. "I never wanted one till I saw you. I'm an old man, Steve, and one day I'm going to die of one of my attacks. Then what will happen to Pikes Peak? I think of it night and day. You stay here—humor my bad temper in my old age a bit, boy, and I'll leave you the business."

(*To be continued*)

Remuneration

Lydia Bennett Egbert

I sat beside a singing stream
And listened to its song,
That gladdened all the world around,
While summer days were long.

When winter frosts had come, I found
My stream in peaceful sleeping;
In ermine cloak, the world, in turn,
Was silent vigil keeping.

A Spice Cake for Special Occasions

Rose A. Openshaw

If you are looking for a special cake, simple and inexpensive, yet one that rivals the most expensive and delicious cakes, your search can end right now, for here it is!

This cake is universally liked, and you will be besieged by people requesting the recipe.

Special Spice Cake

1 c. sugar
¼ lb. butter or butter substitute
2 eggs
1 c. milk
flour enough to form a firm dough (about 2½ to 3 cups)
1 tsp. vanilla
1. tsp. cinnamon
2 heaping tsp. baking powder
1 pt. chopped walnuts
⅔ qt. seedless raisins (dampened) (about 3½ c.)

Cream the sugar and butter together, add the baking powder and other dry ingredients to the flour and sift into first mixture. Add milk, eggs, and vanilla and beat together. Then add raisins last of all. The mixture should be beaten up and down, vertically, to admit air, and insure a fine, velvety texture.

The batter should be placed in the oven as soon as the oven is slightly warm and allowed to bake slowly to a golden brown. It is more satisfactory baked in long narrow tins. The recipe is sufficient to fill three 3½ by 8½ inch tins.

When cool, cakes should be covered completely (with exception of bottoms) with a frosting made of one package powdered sugar to which is added vanilla to taste, evaporated milk to thin, and 1/6 cup well-crushed walnuts (a rolling-pin is excellent for crushing).

When frosting is set, wrap cakes in waxed paper and place in cake box. Cakes can be kept indefinitely.

The exotic flavor which both delights and baffles is obtained by placing one "navel" orange and one "Delicious" apple in the cake box. (Other varieties of oranges or apples do not impart this same unusual flavor.)

The Gift She Liked the Best

Frances C. Yost

Grandma's birthday rolled around,
Rolled to eighty-six.
Friends and family brought her gifts —
Clothes and candy-mix.
Folks gave paper, ink, and pen—
Things to keep her writing,
Warm wool hose, and paisley shawls.
Oh, it was exciting!
One gift made her face illume—
Glamorized "sweetheart" perfume.

Gifts for Yourself and Others

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Janet Knowles

NOW that I have made two useful and decorative chests, it seems to me that the ideas used in their construction might have a wider application — these chests, or similar ones could be given for Christmas presents.

Do you keep a number of things in a box in the basement and wish that you had a storage chest? Why not make one out of the box?

For years, I stored kindling in a large book box. The lid was a heavy oak table top which was difficult to lift and more difficult to replace in its narrow confines behind the stoker. Consequently, I dreaded having to make a fire either in the furnace or the fireplace.

Then, suddenly, one morning as I lay abed looking over the day ahead of me, I was seized with a wonderful idea. My fingers could hardly wait to accomplish what my mind had conceived. I could see a handy, easily moved, attractive chest where the old kindling box had stood.

The box dimensions were 23″ by 39″ and 19″ high. There was plenty of used lumber piled in the garage for cleating together for a lid. I could even remember one piece which had a beveled edge. I debated whether or not to buy a length of glued shelf-lumber wide enough for a lid. Such material had been used by the carpenter who altered my cabinet. A lid all-of-a-piece would make a smoother job, and the edges could be beveled by planing at home or by power machinery in a shop where the lumber

could be bought. But my pioneer thrift accepted the cleating in preference to the expense and argued that the finished unevenness made the chest look antique.

The ornamental hinges and handle for the lid were purchased at a variety store at a small price. The casters were bought at the hardware store. They are the type attached to a flat plate to be screwed on.

In applying the hinges I first affixed one three-inch board at the rear of the top and nailed it stationary. This makes hinging easier for the amateur and provides a natural support for the lid when opened.

The lid measurements then are twenty inches, and, whether made of separate boards or one glued-together piece, cleating gives it strength as well as holding it together. Ordinarily two cleats are sufficient. The cleats should be two inches shorter than the lid is wide to provide clearance and are secured to the lid with screws.

THE casters may be screwed to the bottom, one to each corner, either before or after the lid is attached. Care must be taken to select screws short enough to hold the casters without penetrating to the inside.

Now the chest is ready to paint. However, if you wish to store clothing or small articles in it, you would be wise to paste a wallpaper or oilcloth lining inside to prevent sliver mishaps. If it is to be used, as mine is, for storing kindling and fuel for the fireplace or furnace, no lining is necessary.

The first coat of paint should be an undercoat. When dry, sand well for smoothness. The final coats can be Chinese red, peacock blue, or any color that fits your fancy or keys to the room where it will stand. I chose black enamel, two coats, with light sanding between, then decorations of decals in Chinese themes.

It seems incredible to me as I lift this handy lid or give the chest a fingertip shove to roll it with ease, that I dragged that old box around for fifteen years!

I also make a smaller chest by scale of twelve-inch lumber, 12″ x 12″ x 24″. It has pin hinges and may be upholstered. The handles were bought at a variety store for ornament as well as utility. The legs are the black pot-lid handles which appliance and hardware stores carry. The enamel is black, and the decals are sprigs of ivy. The whole was designed to sit on the hearth and hold fuel for the fireplace, but it now holds the rags and uncompleted braids for my latest rug. If it were upholstered, the same foundation box might serve as a hassock chest.

Gift possibilities are only as limited as one's imagination. A bright-colored chest, decorated with cut-outs from a picture book, would make a child happy and add to the furnishings of his room. Any woman would like to have a handy chest for the sewing room to use as a container for cloth and patterns and such notions as elastic, zippers, buttons, and thread.

Original, home-made Christmas gifts are always welcome. Try your hand at making useful and decorative chests.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 22—Alma the Elder

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Mosiah, chapters 18, 23-26)

For Tuesday, March 2, 1954

Objective: To show how Alma established the Church of Jesus Christ and the influence and power for good which were exercised by Alma following his repentance.

Alma Repents of His Sins

Among the wicked priests who clamored for Abinadi's life, was a young man named Alma, who was a descendant of Nephi. The fiery words of Abinadi had made him think and feel. The spirit of the Lord penetrated his hardened heart, and he believed the teachings of the prophet Abinadi.

Sympathy for Abinadi and for his message led Alma to plead with King Noah not to be angry with Abinadi but to allow him to go in peace. Wrathful by nature, the king could not brook this interference with his command. He cast Alma out from among them and sent his servants to slay him.

Alma, however, fled to a place of secrecy. Concealed for many days, he wrote all the words which Abinadi had spoken. These words entered into Alma's heart. He sincerely repented of his many sins and iniquities and went about privately among the people to teach them the words of Abinadi. Perhaps, he followed much the same procedures as our early missionaries to the Scandinavian countries when they were forbidden to call public meetings and preach to the people. These missionaries secured employment and talked individually to workmen and to their friends in the evening.

Alma told them of things to come, about the resurrection of the dead, and about the redemption of mankind "through the power, and sufferings, and death of Christ, and his resurrection and ascension into heaven" (Mosiah 18:2).

At the Waters of Mormon

Alma was so sincere and so convincing in his missionary activity that many believed what he had to say. Those who did believe went with him secretly to a place which was called Mormon, a place named after a king. It was located in the borders of the land, and was at certain times and seasons infested by wild beasts.

There was in Mormon a fountain of pure water. Near it was a thicket of small trees in which Alma hid in the daytime from searchers who were sent out by the king. Many who believed Alma followed him to this spot to hear him expound the gospel as he understood it.

After many days there was a goodly number of those whom Alma had converted assembled at the waters of Mormon to hear him speak, "Yea, all were gathered together that believed on his word, to hear him."

He said:

> Here are the waters of Mormon . . . and now, as ye are desirous to come into the fold of God . . . and are willing to bear one another's burdens, that they may be light; Yea, and are willing to mourn with those that mourn; yea, and comfort those that stand in need of comfort, and to stand as witnesses of God at all times and in all things, and in all places . . . even until death, that ye may be redeemed of God, and be numbered with those of the first resurrection, that ye may have eternal life—Now I say unto you, if this be the desire of your hearts, what have you against being baptized in the name of the Lord, as a witness before him that ye have entered into a covenant with him, that ye will serve him and keep his commandments, that he may pour out his Spirit more abundantly upon you (Mosiah 18:8-10).

The people were sincere in their desire to follow Alma. They expressed great joy and satisfaction with the possibility of making such a covenant and witnessing it by means of baptism. "They clapped their hands for joy, and exclaimed: This is the desire of our hearts" (Mosiah 18:11).

Alma took Helam, one of the first converts, and the two of them walked into the waters of Mormon. Alma prayed saying: "O Lord, pour out thy Spirit upon thy servant, that he may do this work with holiness of heart" (Mosiah 18:12).

The Spirit of the Lord rested upon Alma, and he said:

> Helam, I baptize thee, having authority from the Almighty God, as a testimony that ye have entered into a covenant to serve him until you are dead as to the mortal body; and may the Spirit of the Lord be poured out upon you; and may he grant unto you eternal life, through the redemption of Christ, whom he has prepared from the foundation of the world (Mosiah 18:13).

After Alma had said these words, both Alma and Helam "were buried in the water." They came forth, filled with the Spirit and rejoicing. Alma used the same words in baptizing the others, but he did not bury himself in the water again, though he immersed each candidate. He baptized about two hundred and four persons in the waters of Mormon.

Alma Organizes the Church

Alma then proceeded to organize the group into a church. They were called the Church of God, or the Church of Christ. Having been commissioned of God, Alma ordained priests, one to preside over each group of fifty converts. He instructed these priests to teach the people the things which he had taught them. He commanded them not to teach anything except repentance and faith in Jesus Christ who should come to redeem his people. He further commanded them "that there should be no contention one with another, but that they should look forward with one eye, having one faith and one baptism,

having their hearts knit together in unity and in love one towards another" (Mosiah 18:21).

He instructed the priests whom he had ordained that they were to labor with their own hands for their support, and were not to rely upon the membership for their livelihood. Alma commanded all the people to observe the Sabbath day and to keep it holy. He further instructed them to assemble together as often as they were able to receive instructions and to worship God.

Alma did more than to provide for the spiritual welfare of his people. Like Joseph Smith, Alma felt that if the people were not equal in temporal things, they would not be equal in spiritual matters. He therefore commanded the people to "impart of their substance, every one according to that which he had" (Mosiah 18:27).

And now it came to pass that all this was done in Mormon, yea, by the waters of Mormon, in the forest that was near the waters of Mormon; yea, the place of Mormon, the waters of Mormon, the forest of Mormon, how beautiful are they to the eyes of them who there came to the knowledge of their Redeemer; yea, and how blessed are they, for they shall sing to his praise forever (Mosiah 18:30).

But Alma could not keep this much activity from coming to the attention of the king. One day as they were gathered together to hear the word of the Lord, "they were discovered unto the king." Alma was accused of stirring up the people to rebellion and Noah sent an army to destroy them.

By this time the group had come to number about four hundred and fifty members. Cognizant of the coming of the king's army, they took their tents and families and fled eight days into the wilderness.

Land of Helam Becomes in Bondage to the Lamanites

In a land they called "Helam," Alma and his people pitched their tents, constructed buildings, and began to till the earth.

The people wanted Alma to be their king, but he forbade it saying, "Ye should stand fast in this liberty wherewith ye have been made free and . . . trust no man to be a king over you." Alma, as founder of their Church, however, became their high priest.

Nevertheless the Lord seeth fit to chasten his people; yea, he trieth their patience and their faith. Nevertheless—whosoever putteth his trust in him the same shall be lifted up at the last day. Yea, and thus it was with this people (Mosiah 23:21-22).

Alma and his people were not free for long, for the Lamanites, in company with the wicked priests of Noah, took possession of the land of Helam. Before this time, the Lamanites had discovered the priests of King Noah, who had made Amulon their leader. When the Lamanites came upon the priests, Amulon had pleaded with them and sent forth the wives who were the daughters of the Lamanites to also plead, that the Lamanites would not destroy their husbands. Because of their wives the Lamanites allowed the priests of Noah to join them. The Lamanites were returning to the land of Lehi-Nephi from pursuing Limhi and his people, when they discovered and took into captivity the people of Alma. Most of the Lamanites left, but Amulon was

made king over the land of Helam.

Soon Amulon began to exercise unrighteous dominion over Alma and his brethren, to persecute them and their children. Knowing that Alma at one time was one of King Noah's wicked priests, Amulon was wroth with Alma. He assigned tasks to be performed, and put taskmasters over the people.

So great were the people's afflictions that they began to cry unto the Lord. Then Amulon commanded them to stop their cries and he put guards over them so that whoever was found calling upon God should be put to death.

The Lord Delivers Alma and His People From Bondage

Then Alma and his people did not raise their voices to the Lord, but they poured out their hearts to him. And the voice of the Lord came to them in their afflictions saying that he would deliver them from bondage and would ease the burdens they were required to bear, until they would not be able to feel them on their backs.

The people submitted "cheerfully and with patience to all the will of the Lord." "So great was their faith and their patience that the voice of the Lord came unto them again" and told them that they would be released from bondage on the morrow.

And he said unto Alma:

> Thou shalt go before this people, and I will go with thee and deliver this people out of bondage (Mosiah 24:17).

The people prepared during the night for their departure. The next morning the Lord caused a deep sleep to come upon their oppressors, and Alma and his people escaped. That night they pitched their tents in a valley which they called the valley of Alma, and poured out their thanks to God for delivering them from bondage.

They were then told to hasten out of the land for the Lamanites had awakened and were pursuing them. The Lord promised to stop the Lamanites in the valley so that they could pursue the people of Alma no further.

After a journey of twelve days through the wilderness, Alma and his people arrived in the land of Zarahemla, where they were received with joy by King Mosiah.

Mosiah then gathered together the Nephites and the people of Zarahemla (who was a descendant of Mulek) in two bodies, and Mosiah read and caused to be read to them the records of Zeniff and Alma. Those who were the children of Amulon and his brethren who had married the daughters of the Lamanites "were displeased with the conduct of their fathers and they would no longer be called by the names of their fathers, therefore they took upon themselves the name of Nephi" (Mosiah 25:12) and were numbered among the Nephites.

> And now all the people of Zarahemla were numbered with the Nephites, and this because the kingdom had been conferred upon none but those who were descendants of Nephi (Mosiah 25:13).

Alma Given Authority Over Church

Mosiah granted to Alma the right to establish churches throughout the land of Zarahemla. Alma organized seven different bodies called

churches, each one of which had priests and teachers, and every priest preached the word as it was delivered to him by the mouth of Alma. All were instructed not to teach anything but repentance and faith in God.

The people who repented and confessed their sins were forgiven; those who would not repent were not numbered among the Lord's people, and their names were blotted out. Persecution of believers or non-believers was forbidden, and equality among all men was enjoined.

Alma had repented and from a wicked priest of King Noah he had come to be the religious leader of all the people in the land of Zarahemla. He had become one of God's chosen servants. If men like Alma, by repentance and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, can be transformed into true citizens of the kingdom of God, and can come to be leaders in that kingdom, we can begin to see that the gospel is indeed the power of God unto salvation. Alma was a great exponent of forgiveness, knowing that the man who cannot forgive others is in no position to ask forgiveness for his own sins.

Questions for Discussion

1. By what power could Alma receive forgiveness for his sins?
2. How tolerant and forgiving should we be of the mistakes of others?
3. Can you see a comparison between Alma and Paul?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 22—"Ye Have Not Applied Your Hearts to Understanding; Therefore, Ye Have Not Been Wise" (Mosiah 12:27).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 2, 1954

Objective: To urge that a conscious effort be made toward understanding the word of the Lord.

WHAT a precious possession is understanding! It tempers one's thoughts and actions, develops patience and kindness, removes prejudice and selfishness from one's heart.

From the context of the quotation from Mosiah, it is apparent that Abinadi was arraigning the priests for their lack of understanding the word of God to teach the people correctly. Surely if one is to be wise he must apply his heart to understanding the word of the Lord. A concious effort must be put forth, otherwise we may so easily become confused or led into erroneous beliefs. The great number of interpretations of the Lord's word that exist today attest to this fact.

Understanding the word of God correctly does not always come naturally to man, therefore, there

is the necessity of applying one's heart to understanding. "Search the scriptures" (John 5:39) we are commanded. "I leave these sayings with you to ponder in your hearts . . . seek me diligently and ye shall find me" (D. & C. 88:62, 63).

How do individuals receive a testimony of the gospel? It comes, in the final analysis, through an understanding heart. It is not enough to acknowledge the soundness of logic or argument. The logic, the reasonableness of the gospel, may be the initial step in conversion, but the heart must be touched and must acknowledge its truth through the power of the Holy Ghost. The counsel concerning the study of The Book of Mormon found in Moroni 10:4-5, is a guide also to the understanding of other words of God:

> And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things.

Many people testify to reading the scriptures over and over and, each time, of receiving a fuller understanding of them. New vistas of thought are opened up in their minds, new light is presented to them, deeper meaning is realized. One may say, for example, "I have read The Book of Mormon fifteen times and each time I have received a clearer insight into the principles of the gospel."

When we do not apply our hearts to understanding the word of God, it is as though "we see through a glass darkly" (I Cor. 13:12). False doctrine and varied interpretations may be accepted under such circumstances. If we are teachable, if our minds and hearts are unprejudiced and we seek the truth, then the truth will come to us.

Solomon admonishes us: "With all thy getting, get understanding" (Prov. 4:7). Therein lies wisdom.

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 6—Spending the Home Furnishings Dollar—Curtains and Drapery

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, March 9, 1954

WINDOW treatments today are more simple than those of even a few years ago. Then, several layers of window hangings often were thought necessary. Now, there may be fabric only, or fabric and blinds or shades. The trend is to relate the indoors and outdoors and to let light and air in, not to block them out, other than necessary for comfort and privacy.

The kind of window treatment you choose will depend on the purpose it is to serve. Avoid overdressing your windows or giving them a cluttered look. Today, espec-

ially, it is poor taste. It is also an unnecessary expense.

Plain panel, sheer curtains may be combined with either side or pull drapery. It is the general practice, today, to hang drapery panels so that the inner edge comes only to the beginning of the glass. The purpose is to make the window appear as large as possible and not to obstruct the view. Hanging them against the wall, rather than over the glass as was done formerly, makes lining unnecessary, unless it is desired for greater beauty in hanging.

Beautiful window hangings harmonize with all other furnishings in the room both in style and quality. They are a point of interest, but only one of many in the room, and so do not attract attention away from other decorative features. Harmony with furnishings in the room is not enough. Window hangings must also harmonize with the exterior of your home in color and style.

As a rule, good quality fabrics cost less over a long period than do those of poor quality. They do not become limp when washed or cleaned; they are free of sizing that is easily shaken out or removed by cleaning. They are also guaranteed preshrunk or sanforized, colorfast to washing or dry-cleaning and to light. Read the labels, so that you will know the special qualities of the material and how to care for it.

Before you buy a fabric for window treatment look at the fabric in folds. If it is a sheer material, look through it at a window, to be sure it is well woven, that it lets the light through, but softens glare and provides privacy if that is desired. Be sure the design of a patterned fabric is equally pleasing when hung in deep or shallow folds, if it is to be drawn across the window, part of the time.

Following are some of the newer curtain and drapery fabrics and an outline of what you can expect of each of them:

Nylon is outstanding for tensile strength. It washes easily and requires a little ironing with a warm iron. Draping qualities are poor, and it is only moderately resistant to wrinkling. Sun rots it. It may lose as much as forty per cent of its strength in three months in a sunny window. This still leaves it as strong as rayon marquisette, however. A little starch added to nylon curtains, while laundering will give them a little body and increase their resistance to soil.

Orlon is considered to be one of the best curtain materials on the market. Good quality should last from eight to ten years. It has good resistance to sunlight, and its draping qualities are better than nylon. It sometimes shrinks when hung over radiators. The fiber is difficult to dye, and the woven fabric is not fast to strong light. Orlon is gradually being woven into drapery material, and has great potenial values as an upholstery fabric, but as yet the supply is short. It is easily washed and requires little pressing. It should be remembered that orlon is highly flammable.

Fiberglass is one of the most satisfactory of all fabrics for curtains, but is high in cost. The color is an integral part of the fiber. Resistance to abrasion is low, therefore, curtains or drapery made of it should not be used where they may be handled or brushed against excessively. Never rub or press fiber-glass over several thicknesses of material as in pinch pleats, as it will break. A caronizing treatment is now being given fiberglass to prevent breakage of fibers. Clean fiberglass before the material becomes very soiled, by soaking the curtains in a mild soapsuds and lifting them up and down in it. Never

rub fiberglass. It requires no ironing and lasts indefinitely.

Ceron is a new and highly promising drapery fabric, but is still in the testing stage for many qualities.

Dacron has recently come on the market as curtain material, but the supply is short. It has less run resistance than orlon and resembles nylon in wearing qualities. It has more static electricity than most other fabrics.

Acetate Rayon has good draping qualities, and pleasing luster, but the tensile strength, while the material is wet, is low. Know what the instructions for cleaning are before buying acetate rayon. Most acetate rayons must be dry-cleaned. Ruffled curtains that cannot be home laundered may prove to be very expensive, regardless of a low initial cost.

What You Can Do to Lengthen the Life of Curtains

1. Rotate curtains between sunny and less sunny windows, and from top to bottom.
2. Never let curtains or drapery "flip" at open windows.
3. Prevent curtains from being rained on.
4. Clean regularly. Soil, dust, and grime are much harder on curtains than is cleaning.

If you must economize in some way, let it be in *quality* of material, rather than *quantity*. Few things make a room look cheap and skimpily furnished as do window hangings drawn taut, or with only a shallow fold or two.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 38—Robert Browning (1812-1889)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 655-709

For Tuesday, March 16, 1954

Objective: To study Browning's life and works, that we might come to see more fully the unifying values they contribute to each other.

IN 1871, when he was fifty-nine, Browning expressed amazement that poetry of the sort which he wrote should have sold 2500 copies in five months. Although Browning societies were widely organized during the last two decades of the poet's life for the purpose of appreciating and understanding him communally, the poet had comparatively little recognition during his own lifetime. He has been revered far more in the sixty odd years since his death than he was in the sixty before. He has been acknowledged as one of the greatest Victorian poets; certainly he was the most modern, since his writings appeal to us more than they did to his own age.

Life Sketch

The outward events of his life are well-known (see text, pp. 655-657). His wealthy banker-father was a man of expanding intelligence and liberal view who had amassed a library of more than 6,000 books. Here, under his father's approving eye, Browning first began reading so widely that he became one of the most learned of English poets. Here he first learned to love the classic writers; here he came to know European history so well that in his later poetry he could catch in a few lines the essence of an entire his-

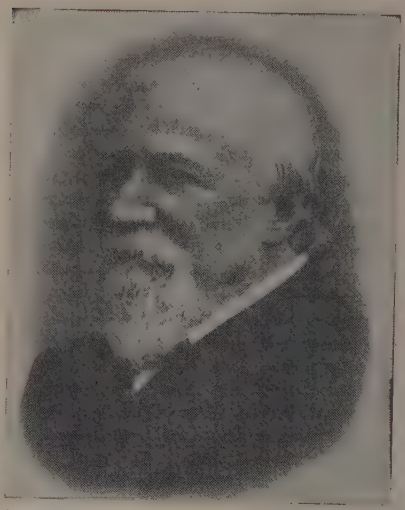
torical age or culture. And so successfully during his life did he "ransack all the ages" for poetic material that he is generally acknowledged our greatest historical poet.

From his father he also acquired a sane balance, a lack of affectation, and such an air of practicality that to his contemporaries he appeared a prominent business-man. Browning had a strong social instinct. He loved crowds, conversation, dining out. Indeed he was "the poet of personality."

From his mother he inherited a desire to create, and an intense love of music and the sister arts. She appears to have been highly sensitive and nervous; so was Browning, as revealed in his cryptic, staccato poetic style and in his occasional social irritability and impatience. He never gave a public speech, claiming his nerves could not bear the tension. After his marriage, despite his social nature, he never once dined out alone during those innumerable evenings when his wife was not well enough to accompany him. Most important, his mother bequeathed him her religious fervor and her idealistic belief in the goodness of life, love, and the God above.

Before *Pauline*, his first book of poetry, appeared in 1833, when he was twenty-one, Browning had already dedicated his future to art, and his wise parents approved. But, felt Browning, in order to communicate truth, he would have to break free of the current restraints of poetic form and create within his lines the effect of actual speech.

Before his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, at the age of thirty-four, Browning continued writing at his usual slow rate of twenty-five or thirty lines a day and polishing himself as a citizen of the world by trips to Russia, Northern Europe, and three trips to Italy, of which he often said fondly, "Italy was my university." He read deeply and probed with zest into what later he defined as the seven major interests of his life: philosophy, history, poetry, painting, politics, Greek, and music. Never did he pose; his life was normal, healthy, and full. After the death of his wife, he wrote of death, "Let me taste the whole of it." This was his creed for life. With radiant enthusiasm he believed that life should be lived intensely and that he should



A Perry Picture

ROBERT BROWNING
1812 - 1889

> . . . paint man man, whatever the issue!
> Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray. . . .

It was with this honest rapture

and patient kindness that he won Elizabeth Barrett, and saw her weak body become rejuvenated by the power of love. As a budding poet, Browning had burned with impatience to proclaim his mind to the world; now, as lover, he proclaimed his love for Elizabeth with the same surge of power.

For many reasons their choice of Italy as a sanctuary was inevitable. Here for thirteen years they lived a creative, married love. Each respected the other's character and poetic gifts, though Browning was convinced that his wife's talent far outshone his own. Browning himself had small means in his own right, and his wife had been disinherited, but they lived on money left her by an aunt. Then, when their son was born, their mutual friend, Kenyon, insisted on giving them a hundred pounds annually, and, when he died in 1856, he left Browning his large fortune.

Elizabeth immortalized their marriage relationship in her "Sonnets to the Portuguese." When she died, in 1861, Browning returned to England to supervise his son's education. At first he withdrew from society, but he realized this was a denial of his true self, and soon Wordsworth, Landor, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, and Dickens were among his friends.

He made several pilgrimages to Italy, the shrine of his remembered happiness, but never could he visit Florence, their Italian home. For five years he gave himself completely to creating *The Ring and the Book*, surely his masterpiece, and one of the great poems in English literature. Using brilliantly his device of the dramatic monologue, Browning tells of a Roman murder case as seen through the consciousness of eleven different persons, illustrating how various and relative and illusive is human truth.

The length and complexity of *The Ring and the Book* make it difficult for study in this course in Relief Society, but anyone who desires to make a detailed study of the period it portrays and of Browning's technique as a poet, will find it most interesting and rewarding.

Browning continued to write during his 60's and 70's and his publications met with increasing success. Late in 1889, in his 77th year, he was visiting at the home of his artist-son in Venice. Chilled, and nursing a weak heart, Browning was confined to his bed in the afternoon when a telegram came from England announcing the excellent sale of "Asolando," his most recent book. That evening he died. Fittingly, the epilogue to the book applies to Browning himself, particularly the stanza:

> One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.
> (text, "Asolando," Epilogue, stanza 3)

The Believing Browning

Throughout his lifetime Browning did not have the rightful audience he should have had because of the words and the style he used. His rough, disconnected sentence patterns bewildered readers accustomed to Tennyson's easy clarity and polish.

Once this barrier of form and word was dissolved through patience and understanding of Browning's intent, his readers found in his poems two qualities which filled two of their most urgent needs: first, his power to dissect and analyze, and second, his strong affirmation of moral right and of God's kindness and justice.

In 1855 Browning wrote to Ruskin, "A poet's affair is with God, to whom he is accountable and of whom is his reward." In the final analysis, the origin of Browning's power lies within his spiritual, creative self.

Since he believed it so invincibly, Browning *had* to proclaim that

> God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!
> (text, "Pippa Passes," page 657)

His poetry is filled with tragedy and human weakness, yet it is never tragic nor pathetic. He was indeed interested in humanity, and no richer set of characters exists in English literature outside Chaucer and Shakespeare. He never satirized the weakness of his characters; instead, his desire was to "paint man man," but always he remembered that no person is entirely bad, and that immortality inevitably follows our present existence. "Man was made to grow, not stop," wrote Browning in "Death in the Desert"; therefore the grievous sins in Browning's opinion are those sins which prevent him from progressing eternally above his present state, namely despondency, sluggishness of spirit, indifference, and intellectual pride.

According to Browning, life is a great testing ground. How base, then, he believes it is to attain all one's aspirations!

> Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?
> ("Andrea Del Sarto," page 695, lines 97, 98)

Thus speaks Browning through Andrea Del Sarto, who exemplifies "failure-in-success." Acclaimed, arrived, having achieved all he set out to do, this technically skilled but soulless painter has failed in life, says Browning, because he has asked too little of it, and of himself. As a result, "successful" though he is, he loses everything of worth. This doctrine of "failure-in-success" is also prominent in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," (to be studied in the next lesson) and "Saul," which we shall now briefly discuss.

Saul

Browning himself said "in Saul are some of my best lyrics." The Biblical inspiration for the poem is to be found in First Samuel 16:14-23, which tells how King Saul, deeply troubled in spirit, sent for the shepherd boy, David, who played and sang for the king until he was restored.

The entire episode is being recalled later by David, once more alone amid the beauties of nature based upon divine law. David recollects how, summoned by the king's messenger, he was greeted outside Saul's tent by Abner, cousin to the king, who tells how, for days, Saul has hovered between life and death, making no sound nor motion within the tent. Bolstering himself with prayers, the boy David enters the tent to discover there:

A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
* * * * *
He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the center, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there . . . . Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.
(text, "Saul," pages 672, 673, lines 24, 28-30, 33)

Accompanying himself on his harp, David sings shepherd songs, songs of death and of marriage, and Saul finally groans (section 7, page 673). Encouraged, David's spirit leaps to praise

. . . our manhood's prime vigor!
* * * * *
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
(text, page 674, lines 68, 78, 79)

To this statement the lost Saul responds, recovers somewhat, allowing David to sing further of life's past joys and future hopes. David praises the hope arising from the knowledge that we live most truly in the deeds we do (lines 163-171).

Slowly Saul recovers, sees David, and tenderly bends the boy's face back and looks at him full on:

Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine—
And, oh, all my heart how it loved him!
(text, page 677, lines 231-232)

The full truth of God's love and goodness bursts upon David, and, discarding his harp, David speaks with burning power of God's love, based on law, whereby man may achieve success and know God's love, if he but uses the highest faculties within himself. The lyrical power mounts through section 17, and in 18, God is acknowledged the giver of man's highest gifts: the will to action and belief in his goodness. Realizing this, says David, man cannot despair since

. . . 'tis not what man Does which exalts Him, but what man Would do!
(text, page 678, line 294)

Finally he says:

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!
(text, page 679, lines 307-311)

As contrast to this tremendous spiritual and dramatic climax, David tells quickly of his retreat through the crowds to the reassuring peace of his hills. Surrounded by the harmonious workings of nature, he comes finally to realize that God's law is responsible for all peace, whether within such a tormented soul as Saul's or within his own.

This poem achieves irresistible power when read aloud, providing the reading is done with reciprocating power, sincerity, and belief. If time runs short, sections 5, 6, and 14 would surely be among those omitted first, but if too much cutting is done the unifying picture of the powerful whole will be spoiled.

"Saul" is a fortunate sample of the poet Browning's strength, both

as a poet and as a man. This poem achieves its lofty stature by embodying in its lines the firm, enthusiastic convictions of a man who possessed the wonderful gift of poetry—Robert Browning, singer to the saints of all time and space, pinnacle of the best in the English spirit.

Questions for Discussion

1. How does Browning illustrate his own definition of what the poet should be?
2. In light of his education, what factors contribute to the excellence of Browning as an historical poet?
3. Why was Browning little read by his contemporaries?
4. How does Browning's philosophy compare with that of Latter-day Saints?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 5—The Articles of Confederation

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, March 23, 1954

Objective: To review the Articles of Confederation and the reasons for its failure as a framework of national government.

YOU will recall from lesson 4, that the first organized attempt at government was the First Continental Congress whose first meeting was held in Philadelphia in the fall of 1774. The Second Continental Congress convened in May of 1775. This was the only national governing body in existence and it served as the sole national authority until 1781.

Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, Virginian delgeate to the Second Continental Congress, on June 7, 1776, introduced a resolution in Congress which declared the Colonies to be free and independent states and moved the appointment of a committee to draft "Articles of Confederation." Previous attempts in this direction had failed to attract interest or support. This time, however, the proposals were adopted. The situation was such that the importance of providing for a national government could no longer be ignored. Accordingly, a committee of five was named to draft the Declaration of Independence, which was adopted on July 4, 1776. Another committee was named at about the same time to draw up suitable plans for the new union.

The Articles of Confederation

This committee drafted what was called the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union. These Articles were finally approved by Congress November 15, 1777, but the adoption by the states was not accomplished until 1781. The approved draft of the Articles of Confederation was completed in about eight days' time.

These Articles were shortly to prove to be entirely inadequate for the new nation. Indeed, under the Articles of Confederation the union almost perished. One of the prin-

cipal reasons for this was the fact that the National Government possessed no strong central, independent authority. Ostensibly, powers were conferred on it, but these powers really only existed on paper.

Weakness of the Articles of Confederation

The Articles of Confederation provided for no national executive or judiciary. The affairs of the new nation were placed in the hands of a Congress of one house composed of delegates named and paid by the states. Voting in Congress was by states and not by delegates. Each state could have from two to seven delegates as it saw fit, but, as stated, was only allowed one vote per state. These delegates could be changed at pleasure and were appointed for only one year, and could not serve as delegates more than three years out of six.

The new government rested not upon the people but upon the states. Therein lay another of its most inherent weaknesses, which Washington, Madison, Hamilton and others feared would make the new experiment a failure.

It was not long before the worst fears of these men were made plainly manifest. For example, the new government could exercise no power over the people or the states. It had no courts in which it could enforce its laws, nor could it bring coercive action to bear upon its citizens or the states. If the government wished to sue, it had to resort to the courts of the state for relief. Even worse, the government was financially helpless. It could borrow and requisition taxes and issue money, but had no way in which to collect the taxes levied. As time went on, many of the states ignored entirely, or only partially filled, the requests for money which the Congress made upon them. Only New York and Pennsylvania made any serious attempt to meet the financial requirements of the Government. In short, the Federal Government was made dependent upon the governments of its constituent member states, and, consequently, it was at the mercy of the states. In effect, Congress was only an executive and management committee of the states to manage foreign relations, conduct war, and to perform other functions as an agency of the states. These states could and did grant or withhold help and assistance with impunity.

Congress was supposed to exercise the exclusive right to regulate commerce among the states and with foreign nations and with the Indian tribes. Instead, the states continued to make commercial arrangements among themselves and with the Indians, ignoring entirely the mandate of the Article of Confederation.

Problems of National Government

As a result of this impotence, the National Government soon was without credit, having borrowed money which it could not repay, and was driven to the brink of bankruptcy. Its money became practically worthless, although paper money had been issued in what, for those days, was enormous quantities. This currency was, for all practical purpose, fiat money with no credit or solvency behind it.

There was much talk about how to solve the difficulties of the Union, but nothing constructive was accomplished. Many expedients were debated. Many unthinking people clamored for the issuance of more and more paper money to meet the demands for credit and finance. This latter proposal bears a strong resemblance to what we have seen in our own times. Then, as now, too many people were willing to borrow themselves out of debt. The new nation was racked by inflation and deflation.

The situation became so bad that dissolution of the new nation became perilously imminent. The Articles of Confederation called for perpetual union, but the states took it for granted that they had the power to withdraw at their pleasure.

When it is remembered that there was a deep-seated suspicion of strong central authority among those early Americans, as a result of experiences with the English government, and also coupled with the strong jealousy of the states for the new powers and independence which they individually enjoyed, it is easy to understand the motives and reasons which prevented the Articles of Confederation from being an effective instrument of government.

Articles of Confederation, Our First Written Constitution

Though the ensuing result was a weak and impotent Government, the union provided for by the Articles of Confederation, was an improvement over that of the Second Continental Congress. The Articles of Confederation constituted the first written constitution of this nation. Further, they constituted yet another step in the direction of a sound system of government. They were part of the process of evolution.

Government in Danger of Dissolution

Throughout this period of difficulty, the advocates for a strong national union were working quietly to bring about a revision. This movement had to be discreetly conducted in order not to arouse its antagonists to thwart it. Even before the Articles went into effect, it was foreseen that a government so devoid of power could not succeed. Men who had the welfare of the country at heart, such as Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, hoped that a brief experience with the new order would convince the people of its futility and lead to a stronger system. Efforts to remedy the situation by agreement all failed, but, by 1784, Congress had begun to discuss the issue. In 1786 Congress appealed for an amendment to the Articles which would empower it to lay import duties. The people were told that the Government was at the end of its resources, that the Nation had become disunited, and, further, that only immediate action would save the country from ruin.

Steps Leading to Revision

At about this time a convention of delegates representing Virginia and Maryland met at Annapolis, Maryland. Its purpose was to solve certain long-standing disputes and

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WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON

controversies between these two states respecting navigation upon the Potomac River. Attempts to solve these difficulties by negotiation had begun as early as 1777. Later, at a conference held at Washington's home at Mount Vernon, an agreement was finally reached. The Maryland delegates then suggested that discussion of other matters be taken up in the hope that they, too, might be solved. The idea was then born that if two states could negotiate their difficulties, then other states could also be invited for the purpose of discussing and solving difficulties common to all. As a result, Madison, in 1786, persuaded the Virginia Legislature to adopt a resolution appointing commissioners to meet with the representatives of any other states who might wish to do so for the purpose of considering "how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their (the states') permanent harmony." Other states were invited to send as many delegates as they might wish to a convention to be held in Annapolis in September 1786. Only five states responded to this invitation, and the outlook seemed very discouraging. The thought of the majority was to abandon further efforts along this line. However, Madison and Hamilton persuaded the delegates to call another convention to meet in Philadelphia in May 1787. The purpose of this meeting was to be not merely to promote discussion of commercial regulations, but to "take into consideration the situation of the United States." Recommendations were to be considered for submission to Congress for amending the Articles of Confederation to make them more effective.

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Calling of Philadelphia Convention, May 1787

On February 21, 1787, Congress, in desperation, glad for any opportunity which might successfully bring about the result so desperately needed, formally called a convention, specifying that its sole function and purpose was to consider revision of the Articles and to report its recommendations to Congress for approval. Congress would then submit the proposals to the state legislatures for ratification "as shall, when agreed to in Congress and confirmed by the states, render the federal constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." Because the plan was sponsored by Washington, Franklin, Madison, and others, it was accepted.

Congress, by itself, would probably have failed in attempts at revision without the prestige of these national leaders. With this impetus behind the congressional drive for revision, all of the states named delegates except Rhode Island. Very little or even nothing was said publicly about writing a new constitution. If some expected that this would be done, they kept discreetly quiet. It doubtless was recognized, at least by many if not all the delegates, that Madison's appraisal of the situation was correct and that unless something drastic was done the Union would "quickly tumble to the ground."

The convention did not assemble on schedule on the second Monday of May 1787, as planned, because by then only a few delegates had arrived. A majority finally arrived so that the first meeting of

the Philadelphia Convention was held on the 25th of May, 1787.

References

Any good American history book dealing with The Articles of Confederation or an encyclopedia.

Smith, Joseph Fielding: *The Progress of Man*, pp. 291-293.

Questions for Discussion

1. From what source did the National Government, under the Articles of Confederation, derive its authority?
2. What were some of the factors which made it impossible for the National Government successfully to function under the Articles of Confederation?
3. In what condition did the National Government finally find itself under the Articles of Confederation?
4. From what events did the idea for a constitutional convention finally develop?

Consolation

Catherine B. Bowles

There is a sadness in my heart
For loved ones gone beyond,
Yearning, longing, wishing ever
For their presence to return.

Yet there's light upon the mountain,
Coming slowly, clear and bright,
Climbing up the snow-capped hilltops,
Bringing forth the morning light,
Chasing out the darkest shadows,
Painting them in colors gay.
Oh, how beautiful the sunshine
On this cold and wintry day.

For your promise shines, dear Father,
Lighting up the darkest way,
Casting out the cares and sorrows
That so often fill my day.
And I know I need not fear,
For it fills my heart with sunshine
Just to know that thou art near.

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1 qt. cooked pumpkin
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1 can evaporated milk
6 level tbsp. flour
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. cinnamon (level)
3 eggs
pinch of salt
½ pint whipping cream for topping

The filling for this pie is cooked separate from the shell. Mix ingredients together, except for eggs. Cook ½ hour in double boiler, stirring frequently. The well-beaten eggs should be stirred in slowly just before mixture is removed from fire.

When cool, the mixture may be placed in jars in the refrigerator until ready to fill shells. This recipe makes three medium-sized pies.

The shells for the pie may be made either from prepared pie crust, or from any good recipe, and may be stored until needed. The crust bottoms, before baking, should be well pricked with prongs of a fork to admit air and insure against swelling. The half pint of whipping cream for the tops should be whipped until stiff, sweetened, and vanilla flavored, then spooned on the cut pieces of pie just as they are to be served.

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The Precious Things of Earth

(*Continued from page 825*)

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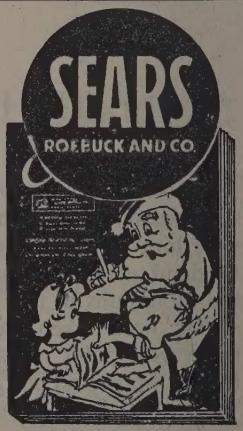

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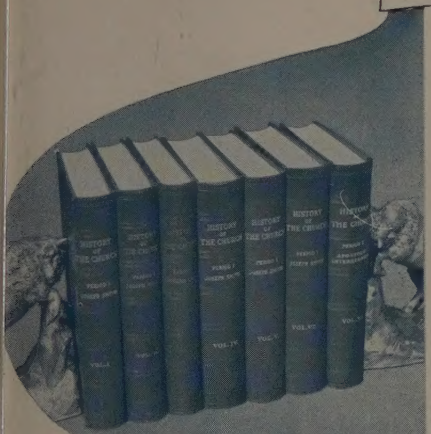

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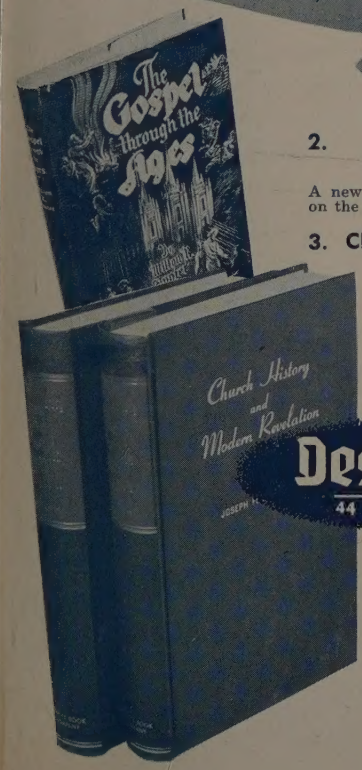

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